Vol. CXLIII No. 1863.

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THE BYSTANDER August 30, 1939

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 30—September 5

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—The Old Vic Company in *Romeo and Juliet, The Devil's Disciple, The Good Natur'd Man, Viceroy Sarah.*

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

COUNTERFEIT.—Comedy and gangsterism agreeably mixed, plus an ingenious surprise for the audience; a pleasing performance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: New, 8.40. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—Careful production and powerful cast—Gielgud, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies—revive this frothy Wilde: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Six new plays comprise the programme; by Shaw, S. I. Hsiung, Sir Robert Vansittart, Bridie, Alexander Knox and Misses Price and Miller: Malvern Winter Garden Theatre.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Barré Lyndon's thriller, with Leslie Banks as the centre of the mystery, is now at the Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, sad tale of a lovable misfit: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse 8.30 (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPOTTED DICK.—A typical Travers' farce, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and Joyce Barbour (a newcomer to farce): Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri. 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—With music and dances, this light fantastic closes the Regent's Park season.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Sanders Warren and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and Teddie St. Denis continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 125.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Walter Bird

June Melville

This member of the famous Lyceum family has the part of Bessie Crofter, a Gaiety star of the 'nineties, in "Big Ben" at the Malvern Festival

SITTING PRETTY.—Round the world with Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe, Patricia Burke in a jolly musical of good old style: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Regal (Last days).

DODGE CITY (American).—A tough Western in Technicolor; pioneers, tricksters; Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan: Warner.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley

FIVE CAME BACK (American).—Chester Norris, Wendy Barrie, C. Aubrey Smith, and a crash in the jungle: New Gallery.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Tivoli.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (American).—High and low flying over a banana-port for love and honour; Cary Grant, Jean Arthur: Regal (from Friday).

LES OTAGES (French).—An exquisite film of an incident in the life of a war-immersed French village; Charpin, Larquey, Annie Vernay, and nameless artistes all immaculate: Paris.

PROFESSOR NAMLOCK (Russian).—A gripping personal story of a sympathetic Jewish surgeon and his fate on Nazi accession to power: Academy.

RETOUR À L'AUBE (French).—Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux act well, but have a poor story and not brilliant direction: Studio One.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE (American).—Partly musical—Al Jolson is that part—and partly loving—Alice Faye and Tyrone Power are that part: Gaumont.

THE SPY IN BLACK (British).—Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson in some dirty work in the Orkneys: Odeon. (Last days).

STAGECOACH (American).—Excellent portrayal of the characters thrown together on a journey: Marble Arch Pavilion.

Premiere

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK (American).—A new version of the Dumas' romantic, with Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward and Schildkraut among the musketeers: Odeon.

MUSIC

THE PROMS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, nightly at 8:

BACH CONCERT.—Four soloists in a programme including the Brandenburg concerto No. 3, violin concerto in G (Jelly d'Aranyi), piano concerto in D minor (James Ching), suite No. 4 in D, arias: To-night, 30th.

MODERN CONCERT.—Vaughan Williams' piano concerto in C (Cyril Smith), Strauss' "Heldenleben," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," Fauré songs (Astra Desmond): Thurs., 31st.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—"Coriolan" overture, song cycle "An die ferne Geliebte," piano concerto in B flat (Harriet Cohen), pastoral symphony: Fri., 1st.

POPULAR CONCERT.—Three soloists in a Wagner, Rossini, Davies, Paganini, Beethoven, Elgar, Strauss, Franck, Purcell programme: Sat., 2nd.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Three soloists in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 4th.

TCHAIKOVSKY CONCERT.—5th symphony, piano concerto in G (Moiseiwitsch), songs (Laelia Finneberg), also first London performance of a suite of Catalan dances by Berkeley-Britten: Tues., 5th.

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The Bystander

Telling the World: the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister

Lord Halifax, *seen arriving at 10, Downing Street, spoke on Thursday of last week to the Lords in the afternoon, to the world in the evening. Both statements were set in the lowest emotional key that a war-crisis speech can ever have seen, the voice quiet and clerical, the phrases long and balanced. His broadcast to the world (relayed to the Empire, North and South America, France, Hungary, Scandinavia, with translated summaries in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese), for instance, began: "It may be helpful if I say a few words about the international developments. . . ." But beneath this antithesis in style to the roars of German oratory lay the foundations—all the more apparent therefor—of a determination founded on moral conviction*

Mr. Chamberlain, *seen leaving 10, Downing Street, spoke on Thursday to the Commons, on Friday to the nation. His two statements, befitting an elected chief rather than a hereditary legislator, were more quotable and cheerable than his Foreign Secretary's: "We should fight for principles whose destruction would mean the destruction of peace and security"; "God knows I have done my best"; "As we think, so we will act, a united nation." But both Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, in their different styles, stated clearly a determination which, in view of past doubts of the clearness of British intentions, or of future doubts of our commitments, cannot be too heavily underlined: to fulfil obligations to Poland*

The C.I.G.S. *presented the grimmest face of all to the cameras that clicked in Whitehall last week. Gen. Viscount Gort, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., inspires the most casual observer with confidence in his courage and determination*

The First Lord and the Lord Privy Seal *left a Cabinet meeting together, looking fairly cheerful. Lord Stanhope went off to the Admiralty with a dispatch-case. Sir John Anderson, carrying a piece of paper, had a thousand crowding problems of civil defence waiting in his office*

Key men *who caused a stir in the crowds round Downing Street when they appeared were the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, and the War Minister. They had been talking to the Prime Minister before Parliament met. Mr. Hore-Belisha always looks encouragingly optimistic in public*

The Secretary for Air, *third of the armed-forces' Ministers, is the one-time solicitor, Sir Kingsley Wood, a popular man with the public ever since he was Postmaster-General*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

I AM certain that all the readers of this page who have been so gentle and so forbearing to me during the last two years will understand me when I say that I am writing these words with the utmost difficulty. You will be reading them on a Wednesday morning. I am writing them on the previous Friday.

In the interval, the most terrible of all wars may have broken out. If it has, you may not have time to read this. You 'll be busy elsewhere. If it hasn't, God be praised. But whatever happens, this I do know, with the profoundest conviction : the deadly advance of Tyranny is like the Star in H. G. Wells's story. In it, you will remember, the white-hot, cruel Star is whirling across the sky to destroy the world, and the master-mathematician looks up at it and says to himself, " You may kill me. But I can hold you—and all the universe for that matter—in the grip of this small brain. I would not change. Even now."

Nor would I change. For all Goering's bombs. Nor would you.

THE now notorious German-Russian Pact had its comic side in the gaspings which it caused all over the world. General Franco, for instance, is a passionate anti-Communist. He is a Catholic who was aided in his " anti-Red " war by Catholic Italy and anti-Red Germany. Suddenly his second ally goes " pro-Red." And why should he be rushed into signing the anti-Comintern Pact when the chief architect of that Pact has become pro-Comintern ? And what about Italy ? Signor Mussolini claims his seat in Valhalla on the strength of having fought Communism in Italy. Now he is committed to Ribbentropism.

THEN there is the position of Ribbentrop himself. It was he who engineered the anti-Comintern Pact, and it was he who flew to Moscow to destroy his own achievement. There is a volte-face for you. And what about Tokyo ? For months Berlin has been trying to get Japan to sign a military alliance. The Japanese army has put almost overwhelming pressure on the Tokyo Cabinet to sign, and now, in a twinkle of an eye, Berlin rats on Japan. The jolly little sons of the Rising Sun (and falling yen) are left face to face with the Russian air-force, based on Vladivostok and within 3 hours' flight of Tokyo.

AND what is Trotsky saying to himself in his Mexican exile ? And what do the tortured ghosts of Zinoviev and Bukharin and Tugashevsky think, wherever they are ? They were killed, only a short while ago, with scores of old Revolutionary leaders, for trying to make friends with Germany.

And what of our own political Left Wing ? For years it has been pressing for a closer relationship with Russia, and for months it has been urging the Prime Minister to hurry up the negotiations with the Kremlin.

I AM sorry to go on asking these questions, but every aspect of the German-Soviet Pact carries an air of fantasy. This is my next one. Does Stalin know what *Mein Kampf* contains ? In the programme of that book, which Hitler has successfully carried out so far, step by step, is the scheme for the invasion of the Ukraine. The only geographical obstacle to that invasion is Poland, and now Stalin has promised that if Germany attacks Poland, he will not interfere. In other words, he is prepared to see the Swastika astride of the Tarnopol-Odessa railway and the Rowno-Kiev railway, which are the keys to the Ukraine. It is outside the realm of reason.

THE President of the United States addressed noble appeals for peace to the King of Italy, the German Chancellor, and the President of Poland. It is extraordinarily interesting how often, in moments of crisis, an American President has risen to the loftiest heights

London evacuation *transport is the responsibility of Lord Ashfield, chief of the London Transport Board. He listened to the early-afternoon debate in the Lords, then left arm-in-arm with Lord Horder, the King's Physician and consulting physician to several London hospitals*

The Minister of Labour, *Mr. Ernest Brown, made good news when he invited the "loco-men's" leaders to see him, and persuaded them after three hours' discussion, to call off the threatened railway strike*

The Pacifist *point of view was expressed by Mr. Lansbury in the Commons debate in a courageous, quixotic speech. But his suggestion that Chamberlain should fly to Stalin was too much for the composure of the House. He was one of the minority of 4 against the Emergency Bill*

Count Raczynski, *Polish Ambassador, paid frequent and anxious visits to the Foreign Office, but, reassured of Britain's help, he looked as calm and collected as his country remained throughout the week*

M. Maisky, *Russian Ambassador, paid an historic, maybe an embarrassing, call at the Foreign Office a few hours after the news of the Soviet-German Pact reached London*

of the English language. Something of the old Elizabethan spirit seems to come out, coupled with a New England simplicity and sincerity. His message ended, "The unheard voices of countless millions of human beings ask that they shall not be vainly sacrificed again."

THE tactics of the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen were very strange last week. They called a strike for Saturday night which would have paralysed the country. Not a soul believed for one moment that the strike was going to materialise. It would have been too monstrous an outrage. The National Union of Railwaymen voted solid against joining the strike, and sure enough it was called off. The Loco-men have done no one any harm except themselves.

LAST week I mentioned the patriotic boys in the City who rushed off to buy American securities after the Chancellor had begged them not to. To-day I return to another angle of the same subject. The historian of the future, if anyone is left alive to be an historian, will probably regard as the most perfect example of the insanity of 1939 that on the very brink of an international war, Great Britain should have sold an immense proportion of her war materials to the country which was threatening her. It reads like a fantasy that while the Government was proclaiming a state of emergency, merchants in the City should be selling seventeen thousand tons of rubber and ten thousand tons of copper to Germany.

WHILE I am on this subject, a neat little trick is going on in Manchester. The Japanese, who are blockading us in China and heaping insults upon us, and making no secret of their intention to drive us out of the East, are exporting a certain type of grey cloth into this country. The cloth is given a finishing process here, and then re-exported to South Africa as British. The sterling exchange, of course, which the Japanese get out of this transaction, helps them to build more armaments to expel us from China.

THE Police in Salford seem to be a go-ahead and intelligent body of men. They arranged the other day with an engineering firm that free testing of brakes should be given to any motorist who cared to take advantage of the offer. Nearly three thousand cars took the test, and nearly half of them failed to show a brake-efficiency of fifty per cent., and were described as "unsafe and needing immediate repairs." Obviously most of these drivers were quite innocent of the condition of their brakes, because anyone who knew that his brakes were bad would not go to the trouble of telling the police by asking for a free test. I was being driven in the West Country myself the other day, and was horrified when my host casually said, "My brakes are hardly working at all," and then proceeded to drive at seventy miles an hour.

MRS. E. M. PRETTY deserves the thanks of the citizenry for her generosity. She has given to the British Museum the entire treasure which was found on her estate in Suffolk. Some of the pieces were to have been shown soon at the Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures at 145, Piccadilly. This exhibition, by the way, which I spoke of some time ago, is well worth a visit, quite apart from the Saxon silver.

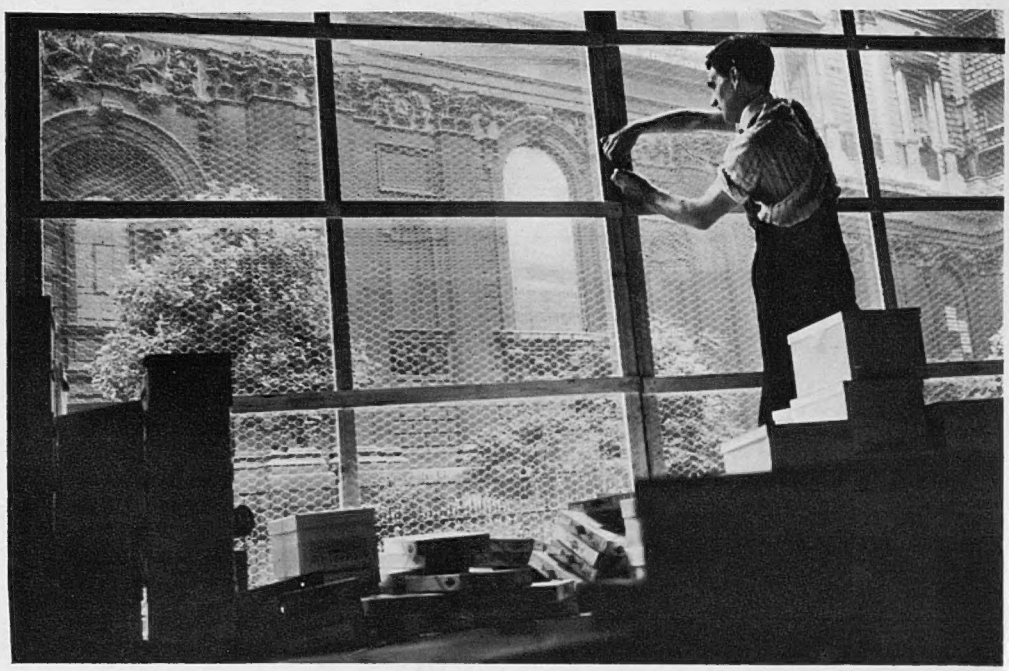
MR. CLARENCE GILCHRIST, the American sculptor, has arrived in England and has gone to the Midlands to hunt through factories for a typically English man and woman. He wants to do busts of them for a series to be called "International Nobodies." I should have thought he would have saved time and trouble by attending a meeting of the Royal Institute for International Affairs at Chatham House.

THE death of B. Walton O'Donnell at the early age of fifty-two is a great blow to music. He created the B.B.C. Military Band, and made it perhaps the best of its type in the world. But his heart was really in composing. He used to lament that he had so little time for original creative work, but he wrote some beautiful pieces. His intimate friends knew him perhaps best as a cricketer. He was a magnificent left-handed forcing bat, and a very crafty slow bowler, and on and off the field he was the gayest possible companion.

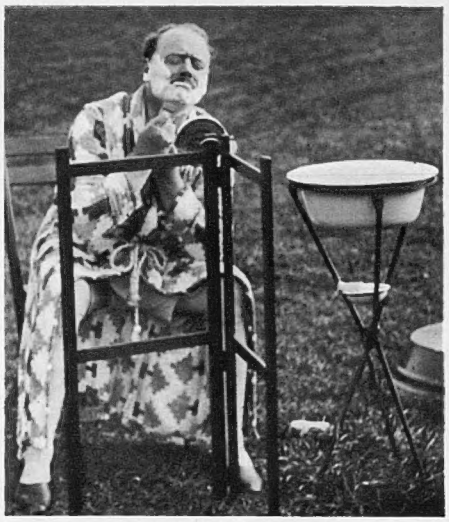
In last week's issue we wrote incorrectly of Elizabeth Allan's latest films, of which details should have read: "The Girl Who Forgot," from the play, "Young Person in Pink," and "What Immortal Hand," an Irving Asher production from James Curtis' book.

Footnotes to History

Evening Papers Sold Like Hot Cakes



Business Houses Hurried on Their Air Raid Precautions and Slacked-off Normal Work



A Crisis Shave for an M.F.H.

Captain J. R. P. Jeffreys, country gentleman and Master of the Brecon, has been seeing pre-war service with his county's Territorial battalion. They had fine summer weather for their Weston-super-Mare camp and for morning shaves in the open

Following that ominous phrase, "imminent peril of war," which the evening papers culled for splashing (see above, left), many firms accelerated their A.R.P. programmes, divided into sections, appointed leaders, prepared duplicate records for "carrying on" after any disaster. Under the shadow of the great dome of St. Paul's this man is putting up frames of wire netting to impede flying fragments of masonry, glass

A New General Signed His Deed of Acceptance

After over a week's session, the Salvation Army High Council chose a sixty-seven-year-old Australian, Commissioner Carpenter (right), as its chief in succession to General Evangeline Booth. He is territorial commander for Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and his programme is religion first, second and third. With him here is the Army's solicitor, William Frost

Consulates Advised Their Expatriates to Go Home

Just as disaster unites families, so the nations draw back into themselves in time of trouble. Consulates all over Europe were contacting their nationals last week and telling them to go home, or else; British were advised to leave Germany, Americans were advised to leave Britain, and under the latter advice came Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, here leaving the American Consulate-General in Grosvenor Square

There Was a Run on Black Material

Windows, normally things to let in light from outside, suddenly became things to close up from light inside. Office-workers themselves, in some cases, put up the firm's blinds (one 3d. weekly journal issued to its women workers blinds to sew as homework), and the result was a rush for black cloth and paper which exhausted the smaller shops' stock

Business as Usual in the City

August business in the city includes, as elsewhere in London, endless road repairs. But in the narrow financial streets drills may not be used between ten and five "in order not to jangle the City's nerves." The general calm with which London met the increasing international tension is ironically symbolised by the drills, placidly silent, while shock followed shock in the news, and every firm got on with its preparations against the noisy damage of air raids

A War Exhibit Suddenly Became Grim

The model camouflaged field-signal station at Radiolympia prepared itself to withdraw to reality last week, and the whole show, in fact, prepared to close down rapidly if need be. For Olympia was booked for the internment of hostile aliens

Ticket-Collectors Got Eyries

Key-man shelters were issued to the near-surface booking halls of the Underground, into which ticket collectors or other employees might close themselves upon signs of bombardment. This one, plus L.P.T.B. official, is at Westminster Station

National Treasures Went to the Country

On Thursday and Friday London museums and art galleries were closed while treasures were packed for war storage in various parts of the country. The white-horsed van on the right was waiting for a British Museum load

Busdrivers Stood By for Evacuation—and Kept Fit

Bus drivers at the L.P.T.B. Camberwell garage stood by to drive people out of London, and during their enforced inactivity they helped some roadmenders break up the road they are used to drive over

The only demonstrators in Parliament Square last Thursday were some tersely placarded supporters of Winston Churchill →

The new Lord Kinross *went with his wife to hear the House of Lords debate last Thursday. He succeeded on the death of his father late in July, is better known as Patrick Balfour, journalist and author. He married the former Angela Culme Seymour (whose first husband was John Churchill) last year*

Gracie Fields *went to holiday near the southern end of the axis, on her beloved Isle of Capri, getting the southern sunshine into her system after the illness and operation which caused such suspense among her vast body of affectionate admirers. Like many English August-ing abroad, her holiday was suddenly overclouded last week*

Crisis News Reel

Business as Usual Under the Shadow

Tom Helmore *flew off to act in New York*

Tom Helmore, *the British actor, booked his place in the "Clipper" flying-boat at once when he received a cable from Catharine Cornell, offering him the part opposite herself in a new play, "No Time for Comedy." He kissed his wife good-bye for the cameras, took with him Earl Whitehorne's "Supercargo"*

Miss Radiolympia *was chosen two days before the opening of the Olympia show last Thursday. She is Patsy Ketch, of East Dulwich, is here with her chaperone, Lady Standing, mother of a wireless commentator. Bad luck on Miss Ketch, choosing a week when pretty-girl interest slumped*

Miss Radiolympia *made up under her chaperone's tutelage*

Claire Luce, *American actress with a taste for Europe, went boating on Father Thames as an escape from crisis London last week; here, leaving the Ritz in her idea of a river ensemble. Her London engagement—in John Steinbeck's excellent tragedy, at the Apollo, "Of Mice and Men"*

Miriam Verne, *"the girl who danced for Hitler," started a fortnight's engagement at the Savoy at the beginning of the week overshadowed by her admirer; and she went up to pose on that bit of the hotel's roof where they put all their celebrities for photographs. This attractive young Pittsburgher, who travels with her mother and two aunts, tactfully claimed the Führer's admiration bothered her*

"Gunner Villiers" *is what they call the Earl of Jersey in the Honourable Artillery Company, whose men dashed from City offices to Hyde Park to man the anti-aircraft guns during last week's preparations. This young artilleryman, whose surname descends from Charles I.'s favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wisely sent his film-star wife off to America for the autumn*

Lord Herbert, *the Duke of Kent's Equerry, will accompany his chief to Australia when—and if—the Duke goes to the Antipodes as Governor-General. With him, Lord Herbert will take his wife and two children, Diana, aged two (here), and Henry, born in May. Lady Herbert is Lord Linlithgow's daughter, was Lady Mary Hope before her marriage to Lord Pembroke's heir*

Sir Harry Lauder *opened Airlie Games, walking in state with the Dowager Lady Airlie, chieftain of the Games, from Airlie Castle to the sports field for the ceremony. Another Airlie Castle date, fixed for September 3rd, is a big Red Cross Rally, when the salute will be taken by Lord Airlie*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. Bruce Speaks for Australia

Bright lights in the darkness of the latter days of last week were the statements that came in from the Dominions, showing that Mr. Chamberlain's claim of "a united Britain" on Thursday might almost have been made for a united empire. From Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the Union of South Africa came messages of readiness to stand by, the earliest, most uncompromising statement of support being that of Australia's premier, Mr. R. G. Menzies: ". . . in these matters, Australia stands where she did twenty-five years ago." And that statement conjured up in the minds of many Great War veterans the comforting memory of those tough fighters, "the Aussies." Speaking for Mr. Menzies in London is the Rt. Hon. Stanley Melbourne Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia since 1933, a statesman with a high reputation, and himself an old soldier who saw the last war from the start; and, incidentally, an old Cambridge rowing Blue. He called on Mr. Chamberlain (inset) to state his country's attitude the day before Parliament met

The Theatre

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

YOU really must see the Wilde revival at the Globe. This is, perhaps, a tactless way to put it. Told that I "really must" read this book or see that play, I am deplorably likely to develop sudden, terrific sales-resistance. Advice so emphatic makes me suspect that someone is trying to do me good, and though I may thank him for his trouble, I do my best to forget the episode. All the same, you really must see this revival. You must see it, not because it will be good for your soul or make you a better citizen or give the theatre a lift, but because it is absolute fun, and because the chances are that this source of absolute fun, the only perfect comedy of manners since *The Way of the World*, will not be treated again in our time as it is treated now.

AS some of us know, *The Importance of Being Earnest* is one of those plays which are so incredibly difficult to perform that they have an irresistible attraction for amateurs. To see it played at the Globe with memories of amateur fumblings still painfully sharp, is like visiting the Centre Court at Wimbledon after watching much lawn tennis in the public parks or the vicarage gardens. It is a different game, a different play. Yet that, on reflection, seems an inexact analogy. True, the verbal rallies on the stage are every bit as taut, every bit as spontaneous, as the best of Centre Court rallies, but they convey no sense of strain whatever. Perfect timing in the exchange of dialogue that is continuously brilliant creates an impression of easy improvisation. It seems so natural to be witty that, listening, we imagine ourselves to be clever, trivial people living in a world of delightful trivialities into which nothing more serious than an exquisitely comic, solemn manner has ever intruded. To be so completely caught up into the consistent absurdity of that world for a whole evening is a real holiday from the "war of nerves"; and it is a theatrical experience that we shall still remember when we are very senior playgoers.

AH! but you should have seen John Gielgud and Edith Evans as Worthing and Lady Bracknell, we shall tell the raw ones; for of these two there is no sort of doubt. Edith Evans was so clearly born to play Lady Bracknell that if Wilde had left undecorated any facet of her comfortably monumental arrogance, we know that the actress would instinctively perfect his work. She looks like a portrait that Sargent did not dare to paint, and every intonation, whether harsh or drawling, is fantastically in keeping.

John Gielgud's light, clear, civilised performance unfalteringly holds the balance of the comedy true. It is a masterpiece of artificial acting. Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies has all the charming and absurd false-naïveté of Gwendolen Fairfax, being recognisably the daughter of a Gorgon. Peggy Ashcroft, as Cecily, is an enchanting mixture of naughtiness and innocence, Margaret Rutherford as Miss Prism and George Howe as Chasuble are equally happy, and if Jack Hawkins was not ever so slightly out of the picture, we might dare to call the revival perfect.

A. V. C.

Earnest in town, Jack in the country: John Gielgud

Sketches by Rouson

Algy in town, Earnest in the country: Jack Hawkins

Ingénue well able to take care of herself (Peggy Ashcroft); and a mother who believes in keeping daughter in the background (Edith Evans, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FLOGGING in both Services was abolished in England in 1882, the diamond jubilee of this innovation falling, therefore, in 1942 ; by which time, if there is still a peace, every British soldier will have a private shower-bath and a valet, and red roses by his bedside. Or so one would reasonably gather from descriptions of these new barracks which are going up, each with sitting-rooms and hot-and-cold basins, not to speak of the new Militia hut camp at Newton Abbot, Devon, which has wire-spring beds, wardrobes, gymnasiums, and shooting galleries. Lawns and flowers are what estate-agents call "a distinctive feature" of this establishment, and football-pitches and tennis-courts are promised in due course. That gloomy Highlander was possibly right who said to a *Daily Express* reporter : "They'll be like Ferdinand the Bull, just wanting to sit round smelling the flowers." Nor is he the only one who deems this pampering of conscripts fantastic. Bairnsfather's Old Bill has already given tongue like a wounded sea-lion on the topic once or twice in these pages. Thousands of his wartime brethren, half-arrided, half-fearful of what Mr. Hore-Belisha's luxuriant imagination may suggest next, are probably hoping Old Bill will keep up the bellowing, and apparently more than a few of the Militia themselves are feeling hot and embarrassed at all this official and unofficial clucking and fusspottery. That outcry from the Press about the mud and floods in Hampshire and the bad or insufficient food somewhere else, made us laugh like a heap of calves, remembering South Coast camping conditions in the autumn and winter of 1914. How good it was for everybody ! How bracing the grim amenities of Aldershot !

It would be interesting to know what the French think of all this dainty trifling and flafla, the French being not only our nearest allies in the next war, but realists always. They seem to be holding back their mirth out of politeness, but we imagine the average French conscript, as he spends his halfpenny a day, has a word for it.

Tribute

THERE 's very little in the world—even the present world — that cannot be made use of by musicians. Honegger has made symphonic tone-poems of a sort out of American railway engines, and Rugby football noises, Van Dieren symphonised the drinkers' babble in Rabelais, Erik Satie wrote music for rusty typewriters and balls of string, Schaunard set a sugar-trade pamphlet for the pianoforte, and now Jimmy Dersey, known as the King of Swing (U.S.), has written a hot-music Irish rhapsody called "Finnegans Wake," as a tribute to Mr. James Joyce's new book, which bears that title without apostrophe, in case you have forgotten. And a very good thing to do, also, in our faltering view, *Finnegans Wake* having so metagrabolised and incornifustibilated the booksy critics great and small that they can only goggle and squint and feebly flap their long furry ears. For whatever the newest-evolved Joycian system of prose may mean, it certainly sounds itself like hot swing, e.g. :

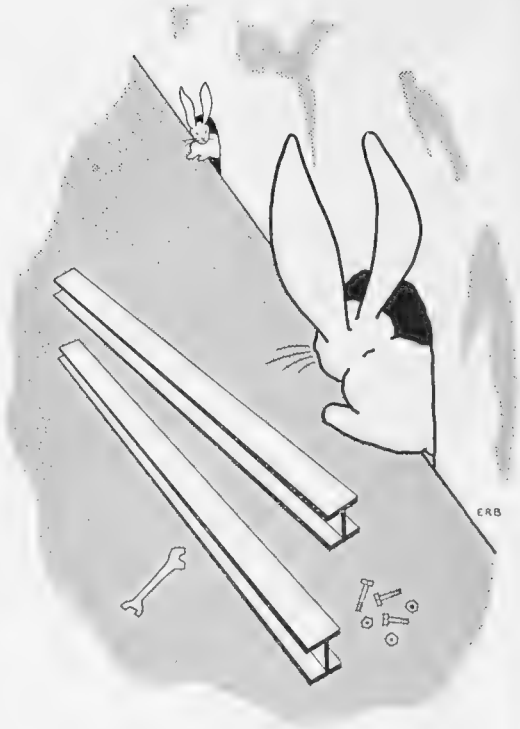
With tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggshill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophœbia, beck from bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils to, the ra, the ra, the ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesies, attended to by a mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of pszozlers pszinging.

Mr. Dersey shouldn't have much difficulty with that. He might even call in Dali to design a few special solo instruments, such as a bicycle-tyre stuffed with horses' teeth and banged by a gilt human jawbone. In fact, so long as Mr. Dersey doesn't let himself slide into anything approaching a coherent tune, he 's safe enough.

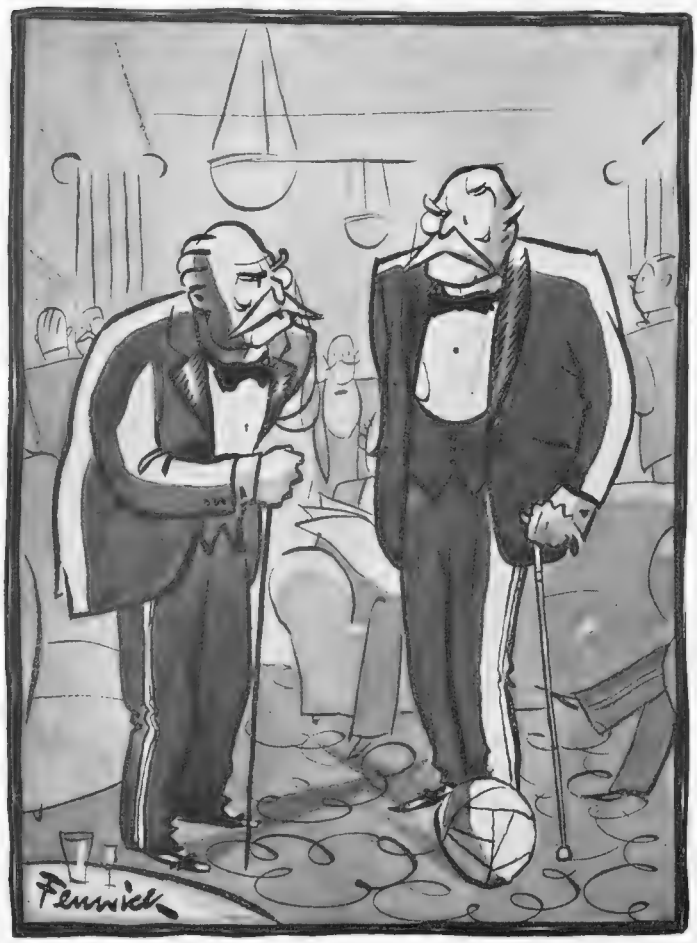
Enigma

ANOTHER of those ancient drains of brickwork, from 3 to 10 feet high, with which Chelsea is honeycombed underground in places, has bobbed into the news. Unearthed the other day in Cheyne Walk, it may be adapted for an A.R.P. shelter. The antiquaries are meanwhile theorising over the original intention of such massive tunnels. Mr. Reginald Blunt, who ought to know, thinks the noblemen who had country houses in Chelsea used them to tap the water from Henry VIII.'s conduit, which stood near his manor, just east of the Embankment end of Oakley Street ; perhaps this particular one was used for carrying off waste water to the river. The modern rustics of Chelsea, being incurable romantics, have naturally surrounded these drains with legend, and having the vaguest notions, derived from little history-books with coloured pictures, of what their sixteenth-century predecessors were like, they are able to give their imaginations full play, with delicious shudders. Some of them think they

(Concluded on page 318)



"I'm having my basement strengthened!"



"Don't say 'Sir' to me, Sir!"

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yer 'd better pop along to the tailor abaht this.
Yer got too much livin' space, at the back 'ere."

Standing By *(Continued from page 316)*

have heard ghostly voices chanting in one of these tunnels. Some point significantly to the fact that another tunnel is most likely a secret passage to the river, which at once summons up darkling visions of long files of the Grand Turk's eunuchs dumping sackfuls of discarded sweethearts into the flowing tide. This is grossly unhistorical—our native Suliman the Terrible invariably axed his ex-wives and married his concubines into the Peerage — but the Island Race has always instinctively preferred "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe and Harrison Ainsworth to scientific historians.

We 've seen somewhere a contemporary drawing of Chelsey Village, temp. Henry VIII., and a pleasant spot it must have been. One rendezvous for Tudor ghosts still remains, that great ancient mulberry tree in a garden in Beaufort Street, once part of the garden of Saint Thomas More. Modern Chelsea has little else of historic interest to lure the pilgrim, barring Lot's Road Power Station and the Sitwells.

Playboy

To the citizens of Paris, who don't get much fun nowadays, *l'affaire* Bogusslavsky has been a godsend, one of them tells us. Picturesque M. Serge Bogusslavsky, an artist hitherto unknown to fame, has filled columns of the Press ever since he walked into the Palais de Justice with the missing £200,000 Watteau under his arm, explaining to the police that he 'd abstracted it from the Louvre and touched it up a bit, merely to expose the bad restoration work of the experts. Evidently not all the playboys of Montparnasse are extinct, as some have averred ; but it is a mild surprise to find that the current *farceur* is a Russian. In the boom years of the 'twenties, the burden of being the life and soul of the Dôme and the Closerie des Lilas and other centres of Bohemian thought fell chiefly on the French, who were at their best and subtlest when sober, and the Americans, who were at their best and loudest when drunk. The English were not specially inventive whether drunk or sober, and the Russians were too gloomy to think up much comic business, except perhaps that of tearing their hats into strips and eating them, a trick which is only interesting once, after all. Their chief preoccupation was plagiarising the characters of Dostoievsky and Tchehov, and we remember one hairy pessimist who conscientiously re-enacted, night after night, that neurotic bore with glittering eyes in the *Kreutzer Sonata* who guzzles strong hot tea and makes such a song about bumping-off his wife. (The hairy thinker's own wife, as it happened, was a lady by birth who sewed fifteen hours a day to keep him in Pernod and cigarettes, for, like 99 per cent. of the Montparnasse boys, he was a self-confessed genius.) The Russian artist colony, what 's left of it, must be rubbing its eyes at the spectacle of a fellow-countryman with sufficient zing and drive to walk into the Louvre and pinch a Watteau.

We often wonder what some of the familiar Montparnassian tigers of the 1920's are doing now. The French are mostly, no doubt, plump minor bureaucrats in the remote provinces, the Americans have a subordinate job in Pop's gumshoe factory in Illinois or Connecticut and are Elks or Rotarians or Kiwanis to a man, and the English and the Russians may be doing anything or nothing. At least one Russian we knew in Paris—not an artist, but a hired car-driver—has evidently not carried out his intention of publishing his experiences while conveying rich American women up and down the roads of France. We conjecture he hasn't, at least, because the rate of suicide among the women of the American rich still remains normal.

Dope

Patent medicines, according to what some health-and-strength pessimist was saying the other day, are still the second national drink of Great Britain. Having read this, we remembered that some months ago the North of England Joint Insurance Prescription Committee (or *David Copperfield*) reported that more medicine was drunk in Hull than in any other town in the country, representing some £15,000-worth of assorted potions over eight months. So the millions of gallons of patent nostrums of every kind which the British public pours down its gullet every year must represent a nice profit for somebody.

We asked a Harley Street doctor if nostrum-addicts get as much fun out of drinking as ordinary tosspots, and he said yes, in a quiet way, especially when the stuff has a kick in it, like H. G. Wells's Tono-Bungay. He admitted there aren't as many drinking-songs about Bumpo or Tobbo as there are about ale and burgundy, and he admitted also that few nostrum-addicts stand each other beakers of Globulene in sheer good-fellowship. We asked him finally how citizens with a skinful of assorted dope express themselves for preference, and he said they write most of those letters to the newspapers ; as indeed we might have suspected ourselves.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" May I take them to the light? "

Riviera Sun Season

Sun-Dazzled

Joan McMinnies is behind the sun-glasses. The other two, blinking in the Mediterranean glare, are Peter Hankey and Ian Orr-Ewing. The former is the second son of Basil Hankey, of Stanton Manor, Wilts. The latter belongs to the Stirlingshire family, designs scenery for television

Scot and Prince

Barbara Graham-Hutchison is the Scot, from Kirkcudbrightshire. Her companion is Prince Alexander de Lieven, son of Prince Paul de Lieven. He belongs to the ancient Baltic family established near Riga since the thirteenth century. The snapshot was taken at Cannes

Parasol

Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne held her striped parasol against the heat of Eden Roc when she went over from Château de la Croë, where she was staying with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor

Artist

Sybil Gilliat-Smith descended for her bathe from the hills near St. Tropez where she is staying with her sister Evelyn. She is an artist, owns a studio in Chelsea, has been painting a certain amount during her Riviera holiday

Celebrity

Noel Coward spent part of his summer holiday in Cannes. Now, as brown as brown, he is back in London to rehearse his two plays which open in Manchester mid-September, in London mid-October. He acts in and produces both

Star

Constance Bennett is another acting celebrity who has been seen in Cannes, in a pink silk play-suit. She and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, were staying at Monte Carlo

"Beetle"

Edith Lambart is the real name of this attractive young creature, only child of Lord Cavan's brother and heir-presumptive She was at Cannes, was leaving soon for Biarritz

Into Dodge City comes at the start of the picture a herd of cattle and a wagon-train of settlers, led by Errol Flynn

"Dodge City"

This film, which went to the Odeon last week, is a First National technicolour production. Its theme is the battle between law and lawlessness in the pioneering days of the West, law being represented by Errol Flynn, lawlessness by Bruce Cabot. The girls at stake are Olivia de Havilland, on the angels' side, and Ann ("Oomph") Sheridan on the opposite side. Droves of cattle, tough scenes in saloons, a gun battle in a burning railway train—it 's all there in *Dodge City*

Films of the Day

Keeping the Pot Boiling, or, Money for Jam

By George Campbell

"Rose of Washington Square" has, I understand, given rise to litigation. I don't wonder. I should like to sue somebody myself—though not, of course, for the reasons attributed to Miss Fanny Brice. Miss Brice alleges that the story of the singer who married unhappily, and became a star in the Ziegfeld Follies, was suggested by her own life. I wouldn't know about that, and any battle between Miss Price and the producers finds this department in a neutral corner. Nor am I complaining of the film's hackneyed situations, which are no worse than the situations in the average musical, if as bad. What maddened me was the dialogue. Al Jolson scripts have always been over-written, just as his songs are overcharged with emotion; but for a mixture of nauseous sentimentality, and that forced wise-guy note, so common to Fox productions, this passage in *Rose of Washington Square* must be unique:

Ted (Al Jolson): Who 's your pal, honey?

Rose (Alice Faye): Ted is.

Ted: Has he ever given you a wrong steer?

Rose: Never.

Ted: Then listen to him. Cut out all this talk about quitting. Forget it. You worked your way up to the top and you 're gonna stay there. You understand?

Rose: Ted, listen—

Ted: I know all about it. So drop it. Now about the song—

Rose: Go on.

Ted: In the second place—

Rose: What 's the first place?

Ted: I 'm giving you the second place first. You love Bob, don't you? Hot or cold, rain or shine, he 's still the guy! Right? But now and then he gets out of line, he forgets to touch all the bases. Right?

Rose: Right. But I can't help it, Ted. I know it doesn't make much sense. It 's like fever, and how are you going to cure yourself out of being sick?

Ted: But that 's the way it is, isn't it?

Rose: That 's the way it is.

Ted: Then, tell it to 'em. Tell everybody with this song. Get up on the stage and say, Listen world, I love this guy from here to breakfast. You wanna make something out of it? [You want to quarrel about it?] He 's tricky, so all right—he 's tricky. He 's hurt me, so all right—he 's hurt me. And still—so what? I don't love just here (*touching his head*)—I love him here (*indicating his heart*), too. Because I love the way you babies are scared to love. Not because he shaves every day, or changes his shirt three times a week, or takes me to the movies every Thursday night, but because when I love I love all over and from now on. Tell them that!

Rose (*a bit dazed, as well she might be*): Tell them that?

Ted: Smack in the teeth! And in the first place, baby, this is your song. It was born just for you.

And to think that some people get paid anything from £200 to £500 a week for writing stuff like that; while people like you and me have to pay to listen. So what? So I get all boined up, from here to breakfast. That 's what.

There are some good things in this welter of wisecracks and hysteria. Alice Faye, though otherwise not my favourite actress, has no superior in the art of

*"**Only Angels Have Wings,**" which opens at the Regal next Friday, is a Columbia picture. It tells of the adventures of a small group of American flyers who are attempting to run a rickety airline in a banana port of South America. Two of them are Cary Grant and Richard Barthelmess, herewith*

Flynn, *made Sheriff, faces trouble with Olivia de Havilland*

His trouble *is Bruce Cabot and lieutenant Frank McHugh, who rule Dodge City by gangster methods*

putting over a song, and there is an amusing street ballet with Bowery tough guys tossing each other about with the coyness and grace they suppose to be appropriate to the occasion.

Al Jolson, on the other hand, does not wear well. Though he still plugs his songs with terrific energy and emotional wear-and-tear, I, for one, am prepared to take for granted the most prolonged feats of pedestrianism just to see his mammy smile. And how old-fashioned all that facial play and incessant gesture now appear: "The sun shines east—" (a jab to the right), "the sun shines west—" (a jab to the left)—"but I know where the sun shines best—" (right hand slaps left breast). It belongs with the vaudeville performers of our youth, who could not sing one bar of a comic song without constant play with hat, stick and gloves. In fact, I feel about Mr. Jolson as the old lady, overheard in a 'bus the other day, felt about Herr Hitler. "He 's such a fidget," she said.

Just for the record, perhaps, I ought to mention that the cause of all the trouble, the singer's crook of a husband, is played by Tyrone Power. Mr. Power is young and handsome and talented, and even if the film isn't much, his Broadway playboy is less of a strain on the credulity than sexagenarian engineers with two wives and seventeen children.

Of the other new films I can only say that it wouldn't matter if you never saw them. *Wife, Husband and Friend* is a mildly amusing satire on people with musical pretensions, with Loretta Young and Warner Baxter as the wife and husband, and Binnie Barnes as the husband's friend. *Calling Dr. Kildare* comes as rather an anti-climax for Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore after their flying start in the first of the Kildare series. And *Golden Gloves,* starring Victor McLaglen, is a mildly revolting bit of sentimentality culminating in what Matthew Arnold (*Culture and Anarchy,* Chap. 7, p. 133) called a slug-fest.

Noah Beery, Jr., *is killed off early in the film*

Jean Arthur *(right) is the womanly influence in the flyers' lives; here, with Melissa Sierra*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Happy Troglodyte

By V. S. Pritchett

THE awe and respect of caves is one of the oldest of human traditions. Their mythology has continued from earliest man down to the Teutonic fairy-tales and Freud; and they have lately taken on a new, sinister and urgent interest, for modern war threatens to make us troglodytes once more. What looked like pre-history begins to resemble the Ideal Home Exhibition of the future. It is unpleasant to reflect that it was the first and successful attempt of the Germanic races to destroy civilisation which drove the people of Roman Britain into the western caves of this island, and that from these hiding-places they watched an empire smouldering. The cave-man, it is true, was an ethnological advance on the river drift man; in the drawings and sculpture of the cave-man one sees the beginnings of art and magic; but our resemblance is rather to those British ancestors or to those Africans who, as Livingstone discovered, retired in time of calamity to caves large enough to hold the whole tribe and its cattle.

SUCH thoughts are far from the mind of that great and alarming French explorer of caves, the author of *Ten Years Under the Earth* (Dent; 12*s.* 6*d.*). So far removed that when, with the sainted innocence of specialists, he solemnly writes:

> Let us not forget the wings of the humble bat, which inspired the first attempts at flying machines. Who knows what these underground studies may disclose?

one is left helpless with morbid laughter. That is his charm. *Ten Years Under the Earth* is one of the half-dozen most exciting and unusual books of exploration I have ever read; but really exciting, making the blood run cold and the heart stop like anything in Jules Verne; and yet its touches of autobiography, its dozens of moral quotations—"My First Chasm: 'It is not necessary to hope in order to try, nor to succeed in order to persevere.' William the Silent."—its occasional reference to his beloved bicycle, to Madame and the family who sometimes have gone with him on his peculiar stomach-crawls underneath the earth; all have that fussy, sententious French charm which recalls Fabre's insect books. There is the same phenomenal curiosity; he bores into mountains with the zeal of a worm going into mahogany; above all, there is an absolutely appalling unawareness of danger.

One gets an idea of his kind of courage from the account of his famous exploration of the cave of Montespan in the Pyrenees, where in 1923 he found the sculptured figure of a bear, the oldest statue in the world. (It must have been between 15,000 to 20,000 years old.) Primitive man never went into caves alone; M. Casteret hides his bicycle in a bush—that is a curiously secretive touch, but how appropriate to his profession!—and, stark naked, except for a swimming cap which holds his candle and matches, he crawls in. The difficulty of Montespan is that the cave is the conduit of a stream, and for long stretches the explorer has to pass through siphons—i.e., he has to swim under water in complete darkness down a sort of rock drain-pipe. M. Casteret was so excited that he hardly knew he was doing it.

But he had been up to this game since boyhood. It is a life passion. At eleven he was letting himself down underground

Norbert Casteret

The French cave explorer who has ventured many times into underground places of all sorts—from glaciers to sewers—now tells of his exploits in "Ten Years Under the Earth," reviewed here. M. Casteret is seen, in army helmet, with some of his gruesome finds in the charnel house of the great cavern of Cagire

pits until his rope gave out, listening for the strange music of underground water, collecting bones and fossils, and efficiently scattering torn paper behind him so that he could find his way back. He had hardened himself for the icy water and air of the caves. So he had prepared himself for Montespan; and for Labastide, where he stumbled into one of those low, buried halls of rock which the cave-men used for their ritual magic, and which is, as it were, the Louvre of prehistoric graffiti. That scene in Labastide is tremendous:

> "I raised my dim and smoky lamp. I had to half-stoop and crane my neck to scrutinise the ceiling." He saw markings, and, lying on his back, he saw them "suddenly take form as the astonishingly realistic head of a roaring lion," the picture "of a face-to-face encounter."

As he precisely puts it (and it is the precision of M. Casteret that is so endearing): "The reader can scarcely imagine my feelings."

M. Casteret, thank heaven, is a scientist, not a sportsman, and to this tale of an extraordinary personal idiosyncrasy he adds engrossing discussions on prehistoric art, magic, animals, and some of the riddles of his work. I can only say I have read no book which has absorbed and excited me as much as his for a very long time.

THE Spanish civil war revived interest and admiration for the work of Goya; and the background of his times, so disturbingly like our own, is interestingly sketched in Mr. Jonathan Davis's novel about the artist. But as a novel, *There Are Angels in Madrid* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is startling, and Mr. Davis deals with Goya like a publicity agent or a news-reel commentator writing up a ski-ing holiday: "Give him a brush and a palette and he would paint his way to the very gates of Heaven." Even better is a nice little scene when Goya hears of the chance of a job in Saragossa cathedral.

"Is the subject set?"

"Adoration of the Deity."

"H-m!"

"H-m" is my opinion, too. And I say nothing of his treatment of the Duchess of Alba.

MY name is Huber, little Fräulein Huber with the plain face; and mummy, she die, and daddy he work in Vienna in an insurance office and break his heart because he so aristocratic, nicht? Just us two, the only next-of-kin we 've got is each other. I 'm his pal, his little pal who can't pass her matric, his Sonny Boy. Then he die and—oh, isn't that wonderful?—the Herr Someone or Other, he say, What this sad little girl who can't do the exam, her father die? Let her pass all the same. So I pass and I 'm alone in a great big flat in the great big world and a great big English man called Leslie sees me and he says "I 'm drunk—I 'm the loneliest boy in the world, the youngest son of a peer. You alone, too, little lady?", and Herr Somebody Else gets me job in Radio to type letters and I—I 'm so simple, so gamine, so stupid, I don't know anything, I get into studio by mistake and the announcer he breaks down because his wife is in a railway accident and he forgets to say "Goodnight, Everybody," and I 'm so frightened I hide in a corner saying, Poor Man, never mind, good-night, everything will be better to-morrow. And everyone in Vienna bursts into tears because the current, he was not switched off and they heard my little tiny voice say that. So what the hell, as Shirley Temple said, I sign up a big contract and nearly I sign up Leslie, too, but Leslie 's got a wife so I say to Herr Thingummy, You marry me. And he does and that just shows, don't worry, it may never happen, Hitler may not get into Vienna and Mr. Chamberlain may be right, but don't think, don't try, don't have a brain, trust to luck and the dear Fairy Wish-fulfilment will wangle you a second-class fare into the Never-Never and you 'll wake up in bed next morning with the dear old second-best feeling like crystallised sugar. That 's *Everything Will Be Better To-morrow*, by Anne-Marie Selinko (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*), that was.

Tunbridge

Ann Bridge in Her Chelsea Home

The author of *Peking Picnic* and *Illyrian Spring* now lives in a flat in More's Gardens, Chelsea, with a week-end cottage in the country. Both her homes are full of lovely things like the superb William and Mary chiffonier behind her, the chest of drawers on the left. Her husband, Owen St. Clair O'Malley, is an expert on old furniture, and both of them adore walnut and the Chinese objets d'art they brought from Peking. Mr. O'Malley was appointed Counsellor at the British Legation there in 1925. He and his wife celebrated their silver wedding last year. Ann Bridge has just finished a new book, *Four Part Setting*. This sensitive, thoughtful novelist is a manuscript writer, cannot dictate or type; as she writes she smokes endless cigarettes, sips many cups of coffee. By contrast she loves the rapid, clean movements of ski-ing and sailing

Democrats at Oslo

The International Parliamentary Union Hold Their Jubilee Conference

The British Minister *to Norway is Sir Cecil Dormer, a kinsman of Lord Dormer. He has been there since 1934; before that was Minister in Bangkok. During the last war he was Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Grey and Mr. Balfour. There were twenty-two British Parliamentary delegates to keep his Legation busy with visits and conversations*

Minister's wife *in Oslo is Lady Mary Dormer, the Earl of Denbigh's eldest daughter. She is a great gardener, and has made the British Legation garden one of the show-places in Oslo. Part of the landscape garden and a corner of the Legation can be seen in the photograph, bottom right*

Two Danes *who attended the Conference were the picturesque, bearded Hartvig Frisch and clean-shaven, shrewd-looking Alfred Bindslev. Both are members of the Danish House of Commons. Altogether 600 delegates collected in Oslo*

Leeds *(South-East) was represented in Oslo by its Labour Member, Major James Milner, here with his schoolgirl daughter watching the delegates pouring out of the Stortinget. The Milners and their three children were staying outside Oslo on the fjord for boating and bathing, were later to motor through Norway*

Bootle *has a Unionist barrister M.P., Eric Errington, who addressed the Conference on Budget reform. He and his wife were looking out at a fine view from their table on a café terrace high above Oslo. Mrs. Errington is a good linguist, so was able to make interesting contacts on the social and convesrational side of the Conference*

The Stortinget, *the Norwegian House of Parliament, is a bow-fronted, three-winged building in brick. It was much be-flagged in honour of the Conference which met inside. The Conference was opened by King Haakon, discussed for four days such topical questions as the refugee problem, the settlement of international disputes by negotiation, and, in general, the preservation of democratic institutions against fascist penetration and aggression. Oslo was next in the news through the meeting of the group of nations to which it lends its name*

France *was represented from the dress point of view by the tricolour motif of Mlle. Pelletier's blouse and hat-streamers. She was in Oslo with her parents; her father, Professeur J. M. Pelletier, is a member of the French Sénat and a delegate to the Conference*

Belgium *gave the Inter-Parliamentary Council its President—Comte Carton de Wiart, a member of the Belgian Cabinet and a former Prime Minister. He made a magnificent presidential speech (in French). With him here is Mme. Carton de Tournai, whose husband is head of the Catholic party in the Belgian Sénat*

Photogenic *delegates were the Egyptian Sateh Abdul Meguid Ibrahim, in his fez, and Sénateur Laurent De Wilde, in a black wide-awake more typical of American than Belgian politicians. The Egyptian delegate, one of twenty, was easily favourite with the Norwegian photographers. Belgium sent twenty-nine delegates: four Liberals, of whom the Sénateur was one, seventeen members of the Catholic Party, and eight Socialists*

Hungary *stands here in the persons of her Minister to Norway and Sweden, Pierre de Matuskæ; the chairman of her delegation, Baron B. Láng; and a former Prime Minister, Count M. Estérházy. They were photographed at the Norwegian Foreign Minister's reception*

America *sent a big delegation, headed by Hamilton Fish as chairman. He represents New York in Congress, is tipped as a Republican candidate for the Presidency. Beside him (right) is a Norwegian clerk, and behind is another Congressman, Harold Knutson, who was a popular visitor to Norway, being himself Norwegian by birth*

U.S. Minister *to Norway is Mrs. F. J. Harriman, photographed with her dog in her legation garden. She was just back from a visit to Moscow, where the Anglo-French pact was then the chief diplomatic topic*

Buxton's Juliet: Constance Cummings

Constance Cummings has only one part at Buxton this year, Juliet. The Shakespeare love tragedy opened the festival's four weeks' season on Monday, and it was undoubtedly the theatrical event of the week to see this American-born actress, whose real name was Halverstadt and who is Mrs. Levy in private life, on the balcony to Robert Donat's Romeo. It is good news that all the Buxton productions are coming to London for the Old Vic season

FOR the third year, the Old Vic company has gone down to Buxton to enhance that up-and-coming spa's season and to practise for its own in the Waterloo Road. This year the company is stronger in established names than for a long time, and consequently Buxton reaps the benefit and draws to itself the lustre of seeing the first re-appearance on the stage of two filmically famous actors. From the production point of view Buxton can also claim a distinction—that of seeing the first important presentation for 171 years of Oliver Goldsmith's first play. The two actors are Robert Donat and Constance Cummings, and a quaint link between them is that he was Mr. Chips in the film from James Hilton's novel, she was Mrs. Chips in the play. With them in the company are Marie Ney, Hubert Harben, Stewart Granger, André Morell and Glynis Johns (another recruit from films). The Goldsmith play is *The Good Natur'd Man*, which had a remarkably successful run at Covent Garden soon after it was written (1767), and has not been produced in a big way since. With it in the repertoire are *Romeo and Juliet*, which opened the festival on Monday, *Viceroy Sarah* (Tuesday), and *The Devil's Disciple* (to-night)

The C

Marie Ney is the busiest leading player at Buxton: she has a part in each of the festival's four productions. In "Romeo and Juliet" she is the nurse, in "Viceroy Sarah" she plays the name-part Sarah Churchill, in "The Devil's Disciple" she is Mrs. Dudgeon, and she also acts in the Goldsmith play. It is some time since this quiet, careful actress has been seen on the stage and her return is welcome

In All Four: Marie N

The Old Vic Goes to Buxton

As a preview to the season in the Waterloo Road, the Old Vic company rusticates for an autumn drama festival in the Peak District

Donat's return to the stage at Buxton last Monday, and in London next season, is the Old Vic company's trump card. But Donat, to whom the films have brought a wider fame, is not new to festivals; he appeared with the Birmingham Repertory Company in 1931 at Malvern. That was a year before he entered films, and since then his stage activity has varied inversely with his film success, so that in the last two years, which have seen "The Citadel" and "Mr. Chips" on the screen, he has not appeared personally at all. His parts at Buxton are three; Romeo; Dick Dudgeon in the first of Shaw's "Plays for Puritans," and a part in the Goldsmith revival next week

Buxton's Romeo: Robert Donat

pany's Director: Tyrone Guthrie

Tyrone Guthrie, who was made director of both the Vic and the Wells early this summer, has only produced one play at Buxton, "The Good Natur'd Man" (which starts next week). The other productions are by Murray Macdonald and Esmé Church. Guthrie, however, is responsible for the company's policy, and its strong recruitment—which, for the Old Vic, includes Michael Redgrave—is due to his efforts

Photographs by Anthony

"With the Services," No. 24: the "Bystander" goes aboard

H.M.S. Furious, Training Aircraft-Carrier

Last week, the first part of these pictures appeared. You were introduced to H.M.S. Furious, the 22,450-ton aircraft-carrier which was originally a light cruiser, and now sails the Firth of Forth from her station at Rosyth as a training-ship. She is the complement of the Royal Naval Air Station at Donibristle, inland north of the Firth, and on her the Fleet Air Branch pilots practice landing and taking-off. To repeat some figures given last week, her hangars carry thirty-three aircraft, her flight-deck, served by two hydraulic lifts, is 700 by 80 feet, her full speed is 32 knots, her armament ten 5·5-in. guns, three 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, twenty smaller guns. Shortly after going to press with last week's pages came the news that the Formidable (not the Illustrious) had broken from her cradle an hour too early, and launched herself, but not before Lady (Kingsley) Wood, with great presence of mind, had smashed the bottle of wine on the receding bows. So the Formidable is the newest addition to the aircraft-carrier fleet, of which the Furious is nearly the oldest

The Furious in the Firth: *steaming upwind comes "the floating flat-iron," an aircraft taxi-ing forward to take off from her deck, another hovering aft, ready to land. On the starboard quarter follows H.M.S. Beagle, with her whaler outboard and manned for lowering in case a machine lands in the "ditch," or "drink." Back at Donibristle is a field with similar markings to the flight-deck of the Furious, where pilots have practised. Now they try the real thing*

Flying is suspended *when the Furious has to change her upwind course; the wind shields are erected, the aircraft are folded up and sent down to their hangars*

The pilot, *in helmet and life-jacket, takes final hints before going up, from the Lieutenant-Commander who has been in charge of his instruction*

A Blackburn "Skua," *a naval fighter dive bomber of a type widely carried in aircraft-carriers, takes off from the Furious. Behind can be seen the turret of the new navigating island, whose addition to deck-landing perils was not welcomed by pilots. However, the Navy's most exclusive club—the Robinson Crusoe Club—whose members have landed on the island, is still a small one*

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Caught: *this remarkable speed photograph illustrates the moment when the aircraft's grapple hook, let down by the pilot on landing, has caught the wire of the arresting gear. The wire will bring the machine safely to rest in the right position. It is told that a pilot once thought his hook had not caught when it had, and throttled up to take off again, but was quickly disabused by being yanked back to stop from sixty miles an hour*

Watching *the start of a run that will take the aircraft over their heads are the Surgeon-Commander and the Meteorological Officer, two indispensable standers-by for practice. They are watching from the flying position, the port side of the two forward observation-posts seen in the big picture at the top, opposite* ➔

Watching *the end of a run from the same position as in the picture above, right, are the Commander-Flying (Air Branch) and the Lieutenant-Commander (left); the Surgeon-Commander is in the extreme foreground. The Commander's signalman is flying a red flag with a white cross, and this indicates to the pilot approaching from the stern that all is clear for landing* ➔

The only man *allowed to stand on the flight-deck during landing and take-off is the man with the bats, who signals to the pilot (here, by raising them, that he is too low). The rest of the deck-landing party wait in the nets. The sea is seventy-five feet below*

The Furious Comes Home

The day's work is done and the "floating flat-iron" floats home, escorted by a sprinkling of gulls. Her aircraft are stowed in their hangars; her wireless masts are drawn up to the vertical (cf. overleaf); her white ensign flutters in the evening breeze. On her starboard bow hang the hazel-wood fenders and companion-way let down for the boat of the photographer who took this. Having posed, she steams off to her berth at Rosyth

Gardener's Chronicle

Alternative Schemes

By R. C. Jenkinson

Plus ça change—

NOTHING in life is more varied than people's tastes in gardening, nor the different changes that anyone with a little imagination can ring in the treatment of any given bit of ground. Last week I plotted out a scheme for a large bed facing south-west, for spring and autumn only, but that same piece of ground could have been planted in many different ways, according to one's taste and the time of year when one wanted to be in beauty.

This is the month of dahlias, so let us imagine the same ground planted with the same trees and shrubs for spring effect, and those intervening spaces in which spring bulbs and autumn-flowering herbs were arranged, filled up with groupings of dahlias. Dahlias must be put out in the open ground during May. The earlier they are put out the better, so long as one waits until frost is over.

I should use in this planting the tall, decorative and pæony-flowered varieties, with the tight pompom-flowered forms and dwarf along the front. Mixed dahlia borders make a very amusing patch-work, but I think a better effect is obtained by selecting a certain number of varieties in certain colours which you like, always with an eye to having two or three varieties which will blend together in a group of, say, five to seven plants of each. I would begin with pale pink and pale mauve, grading into deep mauve, purple and magenta, leading into dark crimsons, orange and apricot. Here I should plant a break of some nondescript colour, such as artemesia lactiflora (creamy-white), and start off the dahlias again with apricots, orange, pale yellow and vermilion, which would give the big central block of the bed. Another break of artemesia, and then a repetition of the first selection of colours. Those varieties with finely-cut, purplish foliage are most attractive in the front of the bed, and the little pompom varieties, with flowers just like a small double camellia, can be chosen in colours to match their greater neighbours in the background.

Each person's taste will differ: the only way to make a selection from hundreds of varieties available is to visit a show where dahlias are specially shown, or else to go to a good collection of dahlias and make one's choice there. The displays in Hyde Park and St. James's Park are too well known for me to draw attention to them.

—Plus qu'il s'amuse

ANOTHER arrangement would be to keep to the same trees for spring flower and autumn colour, but change the rest of the border. For shrubs, choose early, strong flowerers and autumn foliage only: hamamelis mollis and cornus mas for yellow, viburnum fragrans, daphne mezereum (purple), and, if you have no lime, the early rhododendrons — præcox (rosy-mauve in February or March), and emasculum of the same colour, but a month later; nobleanum (white or pink); its variety called venustum (bright carmine); and the tall barbatum, with tight trusses of blazing scarlet.

For autumn, let us have in front Fothergilla monticola, berberis Thunbergii, and Sieboldii, rhus typhina lacinaita, the stagshorn Sumach and its congener from the Eastern States of America, rhus cotinoides, all of which colour up to glorious shades of orange and scarlet, with euonymus oxyphyllus and latifolius, cotoneaster rotundifolia, Wardii and conspicua, and viburnum lobophyllum and cassinoides for their fruit. These trees and shrubs will cover about six months of the year.

Blanche Henrey

Eucryphia pinnatifolia*—*or, as it should be called, according to new nomenclature, glutinosa—with its white flowers and autumn colour, is one of the finest of all shrubs

In the intervening spaces let us try great bays of wallflower, deep ruby red, orange, scarlet, and pale yellow, to be followed by summer bedding consisting chiefly of fuchsia and hydrangea. By treating the plants throughout the growing season with one of the blueing compounds that any sundriesman will sell you, or with old horseshoes and nails from the local blacksmith, one can ensure that hydrangeas come blue. For the latter treatment it is best to visit the blacksmith in the autumn, chuck his old iron scrappings into a water-tub, and let the water with which the hydrangeas will be watered get thoroughly impregnated with iron. Hydrangeas properly grown in cold house or out-door bed will flower at a height of two to three feet.

Fuchsias, as anyone will know who visited the R.H.S. Hall when the Fuchsia Society held its first show, can be chosen in a variety of colours, from white to deep purple, pale pink, through bright crimson to the deepest magenta. They can be grown as standards, pyramids or bushes, and I think that no bedding plant is more worth growing, so long as one has a cool house in which to winter them—they are no more difficult than dahlias; once bought, they need never be replaced. They grow easily and quickly from cuttings, so that there can always be a stock of small plants for the front of the bed, while the quantity of flowers which they produce is prodigious.

With this arrangement of blue hydrangea and fuchsia, whose predominant colour will be pink, crimson and purple, I would introduce yellow and orange gladioli scattered loosely through the bed.

Eucryphia

I SAW yesterday the loveliest piece of August planting that one could possibly have: some dozen or more bushes of eucryphia pinnatifolia in full flower dotted amongst azalea bushes, three or four large established specimens of mountain ash heavily laden with scarlet or orange fruit, and everywhere lilium auratum. Of the lilies, there must have been 300 or more, dotted haphazardly amongst the shrubs; they were in perfect condition, with no trace of disease, varying in height from three to eight feet.

The garden for many yards round was heavy with the scent of the lilies, and one felt that this was how they must grow in their native haunts in China. These were not newly-planted bulbs, but clumps of some years' establishment, on sloping ground, in poor sandy peat full of stones.

I have mentioned eucryphia two or three times before; seeing it as I saw it yesterday, I am more convinced than ever that it is about the best shrub that has ever been introduced into our country; bushes of eight to twelve feet high were so laden with their two-inch single white flowers, rather like a dog-rose, that the branches were weighed down by their weight; each flower has a great bunch of stamens in the centre, and is strongly honey-scented. Every bush was haunted by hundreds of bees. The shrub dislikes lime, and in clay soils the ground must be made up for it, but, generally speaking, it is quite an easy shrub which no one who aspires to grow a choice collection of plants can afford to be without. In addition to this display of flower, its autumn colour is superb.

Artificial respiration *is practised by all ranks of the Brigade, generally on new recruits. This class took place at Victoria, where the headquarters of Division 65 are actually part of the station. Members of this Division are mostly railway employees and their wives, so they are used to the train noises that punctuate lectures and practices*

A bandaging class *suggests a modern female edition of Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy." Miss Tucker, Lady Divisional Superintendent of the Victoria Division, was giving instruction on bandaging a fractured thigh, with recruit Kemmet as the patient. Members must pass both first-aid and home-nursing examinations before they are qualified to join the Brigade*

Women in Uniform

No. 11. The St. John Ambulance Brigade

Bedmaking *is part of the hospital experience which may follow examinations. Nurse Diblet and Nurse Bate were making Mrs. Pinnock's bed in the Middlesex Hospital. The Middlesex, one of the best-equipped of London hospitals, has anything up to a dozen St. John nurses taking practical training under the supervision of staff nurses: giving medicine, blanket baths, learning the routine of a ward, and working in the casualty departments, which would be particularly valuable experience for war service*

Frilled caps *and striped dresses are worn by Lady Officers of the Brigade, ordinary members wear plain, dark-grey dresses and head handkerchiefs. Nurse Warshaw (left) has three children, but is so keen that she is going on with her training at the Middlesex Hospital after she has finished the required 50 hours*

The Bystander,
August 30, 1939—333

The St. John Ambulance Brigade is a branch of the oldest Order of Chivalry in the world. When the first Crusaders were wounded in Jerusalem they were tended by the Brothers of St. John in their huge hospital for Christian pilgrims within the shadow of the Holy Sepulchre. Later, when Saracen hordes attacked the city, the brethren armed themselves to defend their sacred trust, and thus the first Order of Chivalry was formed—the Order of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The English branch—out of which the Ambulance Brigade evolved—was formed very early in the Order's history, suppressed at the Reformation, and revived some eight hundred years after the Order's foundation, with Queen Victoria as its first Sovereign Head. The Queen is now C-in-C. of the Nursing Corps with the Duchess of Gloucester as Deputy. The Duchess of Kent is Chief Commandant of the Welsh Division. The Brigade now has divisions throughout the British Empire, treats three-quarters of a million accidents every year, in England alone has over a thousand first-aid posts and road huts, nearly 400 ambulances on the roads. The total strength is now over 100,000 members, of whom 30,000 are in nursing units. In war-time, when the civilian casualties might easily rival those of the Services, the skill and experience of the Brigade would be indispensable

A station casualty, *plentifully bandaged, is laid on a stretcher with the help of three Victoria porters. The realistic little group of onlookers includes a station official, an engine-driver, a taxi-driver, while the Southern Railway engine hisses away in the background. The Brigade, as everyone knows, specialises in the quick and skilful treatment of unexpected casualties. St. John Ambulance men in their black and white uniform are a familiar and reassuring feature of almost every big English function where crowds congregate, and their skill in extracting fainting onlookers from packed masses of humanity sometimes verges on the miraculous*

Demonstration *of the three stages of the capelline bandage is given here by Ambulance-Sisters Brown, Wakeford and Naldrett on Misses Beck, Wykes, and Best. The St. John badge worn by all members is taken from the arms of the ancient town of Amalfi, where the original monastic order is said to have been founded*

Two senior members *give a couple of new-comers some private instruction on triangular bandages and splints. One of them, Mrs. Botting, is the wife of a railway-carriage examiner, and her husband has been in the Brigade, too. The other, Mrs. Welsted, is also the wife of a railwayman—her husband has been a guard for twenty-five years*

Cheshire Family

Viscount and Viscountess Tiverton, Their Daughter and Some Bees

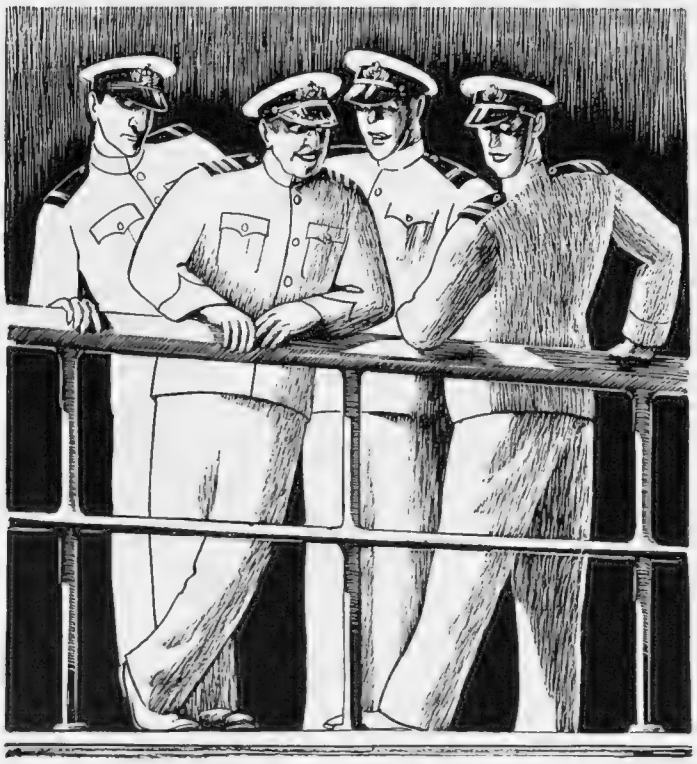
Photographs by Swaebe

Lord Tiverton is a keen apiarist, and keeps three kinds of bees at his Cheshire home—Dutch, Italian, and a wild swarm he found in the roof of an old building. He got badly stung in taking them. Here he smokes a hive before handling the combs

He carefully removes a comb covered with bees in order to look for the queen. Apiarists presumably know why this daring deed is necessary

Lord and Lady Tiverton and their six-month-old daughter, Elizabeth, live at Poulton Hey, near Bebington. Lady Tiverton divides her time between her baby and her garden, Lord Tiverton spends some of his on his bees which he looks after himself. He is the only son of the Earl of Halsbury, and grandson of the first Earl and Lord Chancellor. He has a five-year-old son and heir by his first wife, formerly Ismay Crichton-Stuart, who divorced him in 1936. Lady Tiverton was Elizabeth Godley before her marriage, is the daughter of the late Major H. C. Godley

Peering through his bee-ing veil, Lord Tiverton runs a practised eye over the brown, moving mass. Bee-masters are generally regarded with awe and fascination by lesser men, tribute to their courage and the wisdom necessary to handle bees, but perhaps still more to the mystery of bee life and the lore that surrounds it



"Bystander" Short Story

This Is My Sunshine!

By Cora MacAlbert

Illustrations by Bernard Ninnes, R.B.A., R.O.I.

I NOTICED her twice before we spoke. I was eating alone and so I was looking around at the other people in the restaurant.

She was certainly the nicest to look at, and I wondered about her. I knew she was a foreigner, for only foreigners in Athens ate supper at seven in the evening. The Greeks never started until nine or ten. And I was pretty sure she was American. Not only because she smoked right through her meal, but because of the contemptuous, scornful pout on her pretty face. Only American girls have that scornful expression when abroad. Even the British and Germans look a little subdued, making an effort to understand the foreign place.

Even with the pout, her face was so sensitive, and her fine hair fell away from it so delicately, that I said to myself, she must be down here studying vase-painting. So I was pleased when I looked at her to know just what a modern vase-painter looks like.

The third time I saw her she came into the restaurant and took a table next mine. She said nothing to the waiter, but pointed to something on the side of the menu in French. When she got to her dessert she was having trouble. She kept saying "Chocolate," and the waiter looked perplexed. The restaurant boasted on its windows a knowledge of all languages, but the waiter really spoke only Greek and a little French. So I leaned over to her and said, "May I help you?"

She turned to me, eyes wide with astonished pleasure, "Oh, do you speak English?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm American."

"I'm American, too. And I keep telling the waiter that I want chocolate ice-cream, and every night he brings me vanilla."

I was still on my salad, so I asked her to have her ice-cream at my table. She was delighted. "Don't tell me," she said, "that you're another American girl down here alone? Did you get put off the boat, too? I guess so, or you wouldn't be in this stinking hole. I'm only here because I got put off the ship at the Piræus. Say, let's get out of here and get a drink and I'll tell you all about it."

WE went over to the terrace of the Grande Bretagne. She ordered a cocktail and I ordered oyzo. "What in hell's boozo?" she said.

"It's oyzo. The Greek schnapps. Haven't you noticed all the Greeks drinking it? It's that cloudy white stuff."

"No, what'd I want to notice what those Polacks drink? Give me a cocktail any day. I'm American! But I guess you're wondering how I got here."

"I am."

"It's a long story, and I'm dying to talk to somebody who understands me. There I am stuck in that hotel where none of those dopes understands me. They're supposed to speak English, but what they talk besides Greek is French, I guess."

"You don't know any French?"

"I would if my father hadn't been so damn mean. We had two kinds of courses where I went to school—that's Chicago and Philly. That's Philadelphia. One was called the language course and that meant you took French and literature. That's the one I wanted. But I was sick the day you signed up, and my father went and put me down for the commercial one. So I took steno and typing and English and civics; that's about government. It was a helluva waste of time, though I did get a job punching a Burroughs afterwards.

"But here I am talking your arm off and not saying how I got put off the ship. I told you my name was Caroline Lester. Well, that's only my maiden name, and that's what I've got on my passport. My name is really Mrs. Richard Somers.

"I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't trust you. I'd be in worse hot water if anybody found out. I might have to stay in this hole the rest of my life.

"You see, Mr. Somers—that's my husband—he's an engineer on the Columbia Line. We've been married two years, though God knows I haven't seen much of him! Well, last winter I had a nervous breakdown. First I had so many fights with my father that it made me sick. Then I went to live with Mr. Somers' family, and that wasn't any better. My mother-in-law gave me a pain where you can't put a bandage. Maybe I shouldn't talk like that. Anyhow, I got a nervous breakdown.

(*Concluded on page 336*)

This Is My Sunshine!

(Continued from page 335)

"So when Dick—that's my husband—came home, he said, 'You need a change.' And we figured it out that if I'd go on his ship on my own name nobody'd know the difference. You see, it's strictly against the company's rule for officers to have their wives on board. I kinda wanted to go. I'd heard so much about the blue Mediterranean and all. I thought it'd be kinda interesting."

"Where were you supposed to go?"

"I don't know just exactly. It was called a Vagabond Cruise. A lot of places in the Mediterranean. But I only got as far as the Piræus. That was the first port of call after the twenty-one days across. And that's where I got put off. I had nothing to say."

"Well, what happened after that?"

"They found out I was Dick's wife. Oh, everything was okey-doke until the last two days. I had a wonderful time. We danced and sang every night."

"Well, how did they discover you were Dick's wife?"

"At first nobody suspected a thing. We were very careful. Mr. Hansen was the only one in on it. He was second mate and Dick's best friend. And to fool everybody I always went around with him when Dick was working. They had different turns. And when Dick was off we used to go up to the radio room. Nobody was ever in the radio room.

"Then two days before we were getting into the Piræus the fun began. The first mate told Dick he knew who I was. Dick was dumb enough to have a picture of me in his bunk. The first mate hated Dick and I was poison to him, too, 'cause he'd made a couple of passes at me and I wouldn't even spit on him.

"He put it up to Dick this way: 'You tell the captain or I will.' So Dick and I went up and told the captain ourselves. It seemed more honourable.

"Oh, boy, that was some day! My eyes were red for days afterwards. The captain was in a funny spot 'cause he's been making passes at me himself the whole trip and telling me what a hot time he'd show me when we got to Stamboul. That was one of the places we were going. He said his wife was nuts. Boy! You should've seen his face when he found out who I was.

"So he said that under the circumstances Dick had to resign when we got back to New York and I'd have to leave the ship at the Piræus. Here, this is my Sunshine!" She handed me a postcard photograph. "I call Dick my Sunshine. That was taken when we were in New York."

She and a squat, black-haired man stood arm-in-arm before Grant's Tomb.

"We look kinda funny together, don't we? He's older and I'm taller."

"You look all right together," I said. "But tell me, what have you been doing since you're here?"

"Don't ask me! I've been going nuts! I've been alone all the time and just laying in bed smoking my head off."

"Why don't you look at the city?" I said. "A lot of people come here just to do that."

"Oh, I saw everything the first two days. Dick had a day off and we went everywhere. And then Mr. Hansen had a day off and we went everywhere again. I've been to the Acropolis twice. And then I've been shopping.

"You see, Dick gave me his pay when they left me. They told me I'd have to spend it all 'cause you can't take it out of the country. I had about twenty-five thousand drachmas, but now I've spent nearly all of it 'cause I expected to get a boat yesterday."

WHEN we parted we arranged to meet in a café two nights later. She was very quiet at supper and I asked her what was the matter. "Oh, I'm just going nuts staying in this hole, that's all. I bet I look awful."

"No, you look very nice," I said, "and very pretty." Her face brightened. "Say, let's do something to-night after dinner," she suggested.

I was doing something after dinner and I wanted to do it alone. The Acropolis is open two nights a month at full moon and this was the second night. Oh, Lord, I didn't want to go up there with her! I could have told her I had a "date" and it would have been all right. But before I answered she said eagerly, "Oh, please let's go somewhere together. Honestly, I'll die if I'm alone all evening again."

So I said, "I'm going up to the Acropolis: it's full moon, so it's open."

"Oh," she said, disappointedly. "Well, all right, anyhow; just so I'm not alone."

She had a hard time climbing the steep ascent through the Propylæa, stumbling over the rocks in her very high heels. She held on to my arm and didn't say much but an occasional "Damn!" when she stumbled. When we got to the Erectheum she wrapped her coat around her and sat down on a stone slab under the Porch of the Maidens. "Now please don't bother about me," she said. "Do whatever you want. I'll just sit here."

I left her there and walked in and out of the columns of the Parthenon and over to the Belvedere and looked down on the city, and then back to the Propylæa, where I could see the moonlight through the Parthenon columns. There were very few visitors, and it was still and fresh with a light wind blowing off the Bay of Salamis. I felt many fine things about beauty and religion and time and would mutter to myself now and again, "This is something beyond criticism."

When I came back she was sleeping. So I sat down and felt very kindly to her as a result of all my fine feelings. She soon woke up and said, "Ooh, I'm cold! Honestly, I wasn't sleeping all the time. I was looking too. I feel much better.

"It's wonderful up here. You feel you're in church."

We sat a while longer and got very cold. So we climbed down to the café across the street and had coffee and cognac. We sat there not talking at all. The radio was playing "California, Here I Come" at full blast, and when suddenly she took a postcard out of her purse and said something, I couldn't hear her.

"I said this is my Sunshine!" she shouted.

"I know: you showed it to me the other night."

"No, this is different. Can't you tell the difference?"

It was different.

"This is really my Sunshine. I told you Dick was my Sunshine. But he isn't. Whitey's my Sunshine."

"Who's Whitey? You never told me."

"You remember I told you about Mr. Hansen? How he was Dick's best friend and we went around together so nobody'd suspect Dick and me? Well, that's Whitey. We fell in love. This was taken the day he was in Athens. And I have to choose between the two of them, and there's no reason why I shouldn't choose Whitey. He's more my type."

"What do you mean, more your type?"

He's taller than me and younger than Dick. Dick's old. He's twenty-eight. And I love him. Whitey, I mean.

"That's another reason I got put off at the Piræus. The captain found us together on the boat-deck. It turned out worse for Whitey 'cause he'd be fired in New York instead of resigning like Dick. He wanted to jump ship and stay with me. But I wouldn't let him. Dick would have killed him. He's got a terrible temper and he's stronger. I said to Whitey, 'You may be taller than Dick, but you'd better look out for him with all those hairs on his chest to your eight'!

"Anyhow, I'll marry him as soon as I can get a divorce. I don't know how, though. Dick won't give me one."

A few days later she telephoned me early in the morning and said, "I'm ready to go to-day. This afternoon. I wish you'd go down to the Piræus with me and help me get out. And I've got some terrible news to tell."

She came round to my hotel in a cab, and as soon as I got in she started talking excitedly. "I didn't sleep all last night. I wanted to see you terribly. I got a letter yesterday from Stamboul.

"Whitey's in the hospital with a fractured skull and a crushed brain or something. The first mate has a broken arm and Dick's under arrest. It happened the second day out. Dick and Whitey had a fight. About me, of course."

Then we were at the Piræus and I was helping her to get through the many officials and their many questions when a tall young man in ship's uniform came up to us. "Excuse me," he said, "are either of you ladies Miss Lester for the ship to Saloniki?"

"Oh, is that where it's going?" she said. "How did you know about me?"

"We're looking for you. I'll take you down to the ship when you're ready."

She went off with him down the pier. I stood outside the gate. No visitors are allowed on piers at the Piræus. When she got to the gangplank she waved and yelled back to me: "I'll write you from what's-its-name!"

I never expected to hear from her again. But a few weeks later there was a postcard photograph. She was standing in front of the Tour Blanche in Saloniki, arm-in-arm with the tall young officer of the Piræus pier. All she wrote was, "This is my Sunshine!"

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

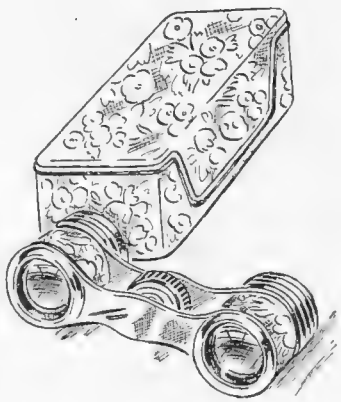
SKIRTS have the fun in autumn evening dresses. Your wide crinoline has been followed, as it was in Victoria's day, by skirts in which the fullness has been swept to the back, emphasised by bows or bustles, or, as in this model, cunningly held out by a "bustle" of stiff net underneath. Here is a perfect frock with which to begin the dancing season. It 's new in line and fabric, romantic, and sufficiently formal to make you feel and relish the change from casual holiday clothes. You 'll be glad to come back to delicate dresses after weeks spent South in musical-comedy play-clothes, or North in local tweeds. Jays, of Regent Street, have this lace frock in their Young Ladies' Department on the first floor. Turn to the right when you leave the lift and walk through until you see the departmental sign. Nothing here costs more than 8½ guineas, which gives one a pleasant feeling of irresponsibility. 8½ guineas is the price of this evening gown. It is made in a delicate china-pink lace—or rather, tulle, with a braided lace design on it. It shows the new lower waistline, dropping in front to a point, and the skirt is held out from the sides, and back, by stiff net. It 's a grand line for the slender; but if your hips are not so snake-like as you would wish, here 's the most perfect disguise for them. It 's certainly time to consider what you 'll wear at your first autumn ball—and for sheer "newness" and fun you couldn't do better than to sail into the ballroom with this gown spreading in your wake. They 'll forgive you for arriving late when you look so lovely

the bystander turns IN SEARCH OF novelties

discovered by pets pictured by jean

Diffusion in this case being the better part of glamour, Fortnum and Mason provide a perfume-spray (by Marcel Franck) to carry in your handbag. In gilt, and unleakable, it costs 19s. 6d.

Back to town again, to formal clothes . . . town amusements . . . the theatre. Asprey, of Bond Street, have these miniature brocaded opera glasses in a matching case. In several patterns of brocade, they 'll give you a distinct feeling of the lifted eyebrow and the lorgnette for £1 15s.



Neither Cock o' the North nor cock of the roost, but a great favourite at Fortnum and Mason's jewellery counter, where you can buy the ear-rings for 12s. 6d. a pair and the clip for 12s. 6d. (Lower ground floor)

Hostesses' Corner: new for the dinner table are these individual ice coolers, enabling you to serve melon, ices, fruit, or tomato cocktails formally, ice-cold. 9s. 6d. each, from Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly

In the Tourneur salon (in Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street) everyone is excited about the new "soft" make-up. "Soft" refers to the latest rouge and lipstick colour, "rosy" pink. It's a youthful, artless shade, in keeping with the feminine trend of fashion, and it complements pastel colours or contrasts with dark ones with equal success. There's a rouge to match, of course, in compact, cream, or powder form. You should try it

Women's Golf:

Good News

By Eleanor E. Helme

Conditions, Entry Form, and Where to Stay for Bystander Autumn Foursomes are on page iv.

EXPERIENCE teaches that one can become used to anything. Last September, when we sat on the edge of the volcano, not only could one think of nothing else; it also seemed incumbent, even in a page on golf, to say something about it. This year, sitting on a volcano no less active, nobody talks of it, as far as possible, everybody ignores it.

None the less, since it does colour everything at the back of the mind, good news and pleasant prospects are, in contrast, all the more welcome. If only these words could be written at the end of the week, and, might be, comment on how Miss Pam Barton won the American Championship for a second time, there would indeed be cause to shout. However, we can have a quiet little hurrah on her qualifying score of 78, only three more than the par of Wee Burn, which took fourth place. That it was no higher in the list may prove one of two things—or both of them. Either there was mighty strong opposition in the field, or else Miss Barton, wisely realising that to qualify was the job in hand, not a record-breaking card, set herself to play steadily, and be content to let others burst themselves trying to qualify above her. Probably both are true. A fuller account would be welcome, but must be waited for.

Miss Sheila Stroyan, our reigning Girl Champion, tied for sixth place with 81. Again trying to read between the lines, it would appear that Wee Burn is a very fierce affair, if only five players could arrive within five shots of the par, and that Miss Stroyan may be quite content with what she did.

AT that we must leave good news, and pass on to pleasant prospects, which are conjured up by knowing the venues for next year's Scottish and Northern BYSTANDER Foursomes. St. Andrews is granting the great privilege of a visit to them, for which we feel immensely beholden to the Royal and Ancient. It is a real honour. Not the Old Course, for that can be reserved nowadays for championships and local clubs only, but the New.

To many golfers, who have not spent long enough in the old grey city to learn the charm and appreciate the wiles of the Old Course, the New appears more the beau ideal of a sea links, the hazards bold and easy to see, the need for high-carrying shots more apparent. Long apprenticeship is necessary to love and woo the subtleties of the Old; love at first sight is awakened by the New. Did it lie anywhere except beside the most famous course in the world, the New would have its praises sung without intermission; there is not the slightest doubt that every competitor will come away sadder and wiser, maybe, in a golfing sense, for the New has much to teach, but knowing that they have enjoyed every round.

And whichever course you play on, St. Andrews throws a spell over you; so that you could never for a moment think yourself to be in any other city, even if the names above the shops—Auchterlonie, Forgan, and others, all through the alphabet—did not tell you so, nor the unmistakable line of the Swilcan and the outline of the railway-sheds behind the station-master's garden. Competitors in the Foursomes may even chortle mildly to themselves—those of them who are Sassenachs and so ineligible to compete in the Scottish Ladies' Championship the following week—at the thought of all the distinguished folk who may go into that Swilcan competing on the Old in that event, or hit the railway-sheds with a resounding thwack, or run over into the road at the seventeenth. Let them, though, chortle only when they have conquered the difficulties of the New Course for themselves: such are sufficient for anybody.

IT is a comparatively far cry from the Kingdom of Fife to the parklands of Warwickshire, but there, again, competitors are lucky. A year ago, it was decided that BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes should, by way of an experiment, travel down to the Northern Midlands in 1940, some of that district being a great deal more accessible to Northern golfers than some of the territory which is Northern by actual county divisions.

Now there are many long-established courses in the Birmingham neighbourhood, but also one new one, Chadwick Manor, about which Midlanders are enthusiastic. That course has most generously granted the use of the course. The pretty village of Knowle is the nearest neighbour, but Chadwick itself is out in the country, with no faintest suggestion of Birmingham's hurrying pulse fourteen miles to the north. A country house a hundred yards from the first tee has been turned into one first-class hotel: Warwick, eight miles; Stratford-on-Avon, twelve, have plenty more.

Now all that remains is to find the right date. If county captains will be so good as to let me know any of their fixtures, that might affect it, as soon as these are made, it would be a really kind deed, and perhaps a week may be arrived at when North, South-East, and South-West as well as Midlands, may be able to sample this new course. There will be added zest for Northerners, battling to invade successfully, since that is what Southerners have so seldom done, and it goes without saying that the Midlanders will make a bold bid at defence.

Open Mixed Foursomes; Littlestone

Miss A. Ely and H. B. Ely won the foursomes at Littlestone by beating Mrs. A. P. Saunders and P. Cope by 5 and 4 in the final

This foursome at Littlestone is H. Leas, Mrs. Franklin, Capt. and Mrs. Gerald Loup. The former pair beat the latter at the twentieth in the open mixed foursomes held there the week-end before last

K. G. Rothwell Haslem and Miss C. Mason lost their match against the finalists, Mrs. Saunders and P. Cope, at Littlestone. With them is Major R. J. R. Waller D.S.O., the local secretary

Four Engagements

Swaebe

Miss Cynthia Monteith

Cynthia Monteith's engagement to the Hon. Max Aitken, elder son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook, was announced ten days ago. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Monteith, of 38, Stourcliffe Close, George Street, W.1, was presented four years ago, has been working as a fashion model, was at Monte Carlo a few weeks ago. Max Aitken is a director of a travel and a winter sports agency, is in the A.A.F.

Bassano

Miss Margaret Risk Howie

A July engagement was that of Margaret Howie to the Hon. Matthew Arthur. She is the daughter of the late H. J. Howie, and Mrs. Howie, of Strathaird, Mauchline, Scotland. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Glenarthur, whose home is Villa Maria Isabel, Estoril, Portugal. He has a daughter of seven by his first wife, whom he married in 1931

Lenare

Lady Jean McDonnell

Lady Jean McDonnell and the Hon. William Philipps are being married on September 19th, at Godalming, after an almost three-months' engagement. She is the younger sister of the Earl of Antrim, and lives with her mother, Margaret Countess of Antrim, at Eashing Park, Godalming, Surrey. Her fiancé is the youngest son of Lord and Lady Milford. His father, the former Sir Laurence Philipps, was a New Year baron

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley

The Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe's eldest daughter announced her engagement three weeks ago to Commander Vivian Russell Salvin Bowlby, son of Colonel and Mrs. Bowlby, of Tunbridge Wells. Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley is twenty this year, came out in 1937, when her grandparents, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, gave a ball for her. The second of her three younger sisters, Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley, was a debutante this year. Their home is Wortley Hall, Sheffield

The Hon. Katharine Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech's daughter, went to her first York meeting since she came out, is with George Howard

The Hon. Deborah Mitford, nineteen-year-old ex-debutante, sat on a paddock seat with Lord Andrew Cavendish, who is the same age

Lord Hartington and Lady Irene Haig were together. She went to his huge coming-of-age party at Chatsworth the week before

York Races

The Younger Generation at the Big Meeting of Crisis Week

York races opened to the announcement of the Russian-German Pact, and closed to Mr. Chamberlain's "war is imminent" speech in the House of Commons. As an undercurrent to racing talk and the gossip of Yorkshire was the thought: "Is it the last big meeting of peace days?" The big houses had their usual parties, though here and there the host was missing—Lord Halifax from Garrowby, Lord Feversham from Nawton Tower. A topical note appeared in the racing itself, when Mr. E. T. Thornton-Smith's Appeasement went out for the Ebor Handicap, coming in fourth to Owenstown, the winner

Discussing a race with the utmost concentration were Hester Lloyd and Felicity Lane-Fox (right), the latter a member of the well-known Yorkshire and North Country family

From Easthorpe Hall came Lady Grimthorpe with Diana and Veronica Harrison, two of the eight sisters, the fourth of whom is Lady Lewes

Two 1939 debutantes, Osla Benning and the Hon. Guinevere Brodrick, daughter of Lady Dunsford, had Ian Farquhar to talk to them between first-day races

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Research Station

THE Board of Greenkeeping Research was established in February 1929 by the Joint Advisory Council of the English Golf Union, the Scottish Golf Union, the Golfing Union of Ireland, and the Welsh Golfing Union for the scientific investigation of greenkeeping problems. Its headquarters are at the St. Ives Research Station at Bingley, in Yorkshire, and not far from Ilkley Moor, where, according to the song, the air can only be appreciated to the full if you do not wear what the Scots call "a bonnet."

Long before 1929 Harry S. Colt and the late Norman W. Boase, who had both seen how successful the Research Station instituted and maintained by the Green Section of the United States Golf Association had been, and how much it helped the golf clubs of America to get and maintain their courses in better condition at less cost, were anxious that one should be established in this country, but met with practically no support.

The British Research Station is supported not only by golf clubs but also by other bodies, including cricket clubs, among them the Lancashire County Cricket Club and the Yorkshire County Cricket Club; by many bowling clubs, by lawn tennis clubs; by the Welfare Committees of numerous business firms, and also by the Ladies' Golf Union.

Subscriptions are also received from numerous clubs abroad, many of them a long distance away, including clubs in Denmark, France, Holland, New Zealand, Australia, Sweden, Sudan, United States, Italy, Shanghai, Egypt, Belgium, South Africa, Ceylon, Kuala Lumpur, etc.

Subscriptions or donations are also received every year from individuals who are interested in turf culture, and from the numerous firms which deal in articles or materials required by golf clubs, either on the course or in the club-house.

THE work at Bingley has increased in volume very considerably in the last few years. Last year no fewer than 431 visits were undertaken by members of the Board of Research staff to golf clubs, the largest number of visits ever paid in one year since the establishment of the station. Last year 4354 letters were sent out to various people, who had applied for advice—an increase of 429 on the previous year; 2202 samples of turf were examined in the botanical and chemical laboratories.

Two courses of instruction for prospective secretaries and greenkeepers have been held and 82 greenkeepers have attended these courses and received certificates for doing so. Another course of instruction will be started in October for those who desire instruction or further instruction.

EVERYONE interested in turf and its treatment, especially greenkeepers, secretaries and members of Green Committees, are invited to visit the St. Ives Research Station, where they are certain of a cordial welcome. They will also be shown all the various experiments which are being carried out, and will have them all fully explained.

If you have any ideas of your own about the treatment of turf or of turf diseases, or any ideas concerning the improvement of implements and tools required on golf courses, or any ideas for a new design of a greenkeeping implement, the director at Bingley will, I am sure, be very pleased to give you his opinion on them and also, if he considers any of your ideas of real value, to carry out experiments and tests.

YOU may have heard that in some cases the recommendations of the Board of Research have not given satisfaction. In many of these cases, if you make full inquiries, you will find that the recommendations have not been carried out according to the instructions which were given. I find that some greenkeepers have a very strong dislike of measuring or weighing materials. When told to mix, say, four ounces of sulphate of ammonia with a certain amount of sand, some greenkeepers will guess the amount of sand by eye and then throw on to the sand four handfuls of sulphate of ammonia, presuming that a handful will weigh one ounce; and then, when good results are not immediately evident, declare that the prescription is no ——— good and that they can get much better results by their own methods.

If you or your golf club decide to have an advisory visit from the Board of Research you will be ill-advised if you do not carry out its recommendations to the letter. If you incorporate your ideas with those of the Board of Research you are obviously asking for trouble, and it is practically certain that you will get it. On the other hand, if you carry out the recommendations of the Board of Research exactly as they are given, and then, after giving them a fair trial, find that they are not giving satisfaction, you have every reason to discard them and try some other treatment. It is, however, stupid and a waste of money and also most unfair to the director at Bingley, if you do not carry out his instructions exactly as they are given, and do not make certain that the various components of dressings, etc., are measured and weighed accurately.

ALTHOUGH the Board of Research has done a tremendous amount of good, it does not by any means follow that it is always right. There is, however, no doubt that in many cases it has produced two sods where only one sod stood before. My chief complaint against the Research Station is that its representatives so often convert seaside golf courses into inland courses; this is due, I believe, not to a lack of knowledge of turf but to a lack of knowledge of the game of golf and the type of turf desirable for it.

When next someone asks you, as I am asked, if the Joint Advisory Council of the Golf Unions has ever done anything to benefit the game of golf to any material extent, you can reply with truth, "Yes: it was responsible for the establishment of the Board of Greenkeeping Research."

***Alfred Padgham** put up a remarkable performance in the £1000 "News-Chronicle" tournament at Brighton, returning 279 for the seventy-two holes—which included a record round of 64—winning the prize and making his inclusion in our Ryder Cup team inevitable. Here Sam King congratulates his victor*

***Brodie Lennox**, of Glasgow, won the Highland Golf Tournament at Pitlochry, is here seen with his cup and replica. He gained them by beating Gordon Dewar, of Carnoustie, by 4 and 3*

***W. E. Lavender**, a bus-driver with a four handicap, won the Artisans' Senior tournament at Moor Park with a net aggregate of 139 for thirty-six holes. Here he takes his cup from the captain of the Moor Park Golf Club, Mr. Kenneth*

Hips—Hips—Hooray!

As pants the hart, etc., so does the weary advertising man long for the return of warm weather. For he can then happily incorporate a pretty girl in a bathing suit in every form of advertisement; it being well-known that the Great British Public dearly love to gaze upon such sights. Though we of Abdulla sympathize with this point of view, we feel that an array of straight facts can sometimes act as a refreshing antidote to an overdose of curves. So here are some straight facts. Oriental tobacco is the most delicately flavoured in the world. Abdullas are always offered the first pick of the whole Oriental tobacco crop. *Ergo* Abdullas make the most delicately flavoured cigarettes, and this fact is admitted by smokers in the Orient itself. Incidentally, Abdulla smokers help to tilt the balance of trade in the right direction owing to the British agreement with Greece.

Try our No. 11. Twenty for 2s. 6d., and you can get them anywhere. One will convince you of the truth of our slogan. . .

Abdullas for choice

The Romance of an Air Line

By Charles Ward

Captain H. G. Horsey, senior Imperial Commander on both land and marine aircraft, has a new job at Croydon. He is the instructor who puts the Company's pilots through a course on new types for their licences. This snapshot was taken in the control cabin of an "Ensign"

Atlantic Stations

THERE are two seaplane harbours in Newfoundland: Botwood, lying at the head of a fjord, and Gander Lake, notable for its great depth, some thirty miles to the south-east. The landplane terminus entailed clearing a spruce forest from a plateau on the north shore of the lake and near the railroad at Hatties Camp. Lumberjacks, engineers, draughtsmen, architects, and builders have been working for two years to prepare one of the world's greatest airports. In 1938 alone, 124,000 tons of stone were quarried and crushed to provide the broad paved runways at Hatties Camp. Special trains brought all kinds of materials, plant and machinery from St. John's. In summer, swarms of mosquitoes and horseflies tormented the men; in winter, the north-east blizzard, which at times reaches a velocity of a hundred miles an hour, carried the temperature down to 40 degrees below zero. The ground froze to a depth of nearly two feet, its expansion as it did so, causing serious upheavals, followed by subsidence with the thaw.

The Airport To-day

TO-DAY, stout log houses and a big steel hangar, equipped with central heating, stand alongside the flying-field. The system of paved runways covers a total area of 1,230,000 square yards. Two and a half million gallons of bitumen fluid bind the crushed stone of the runways and make them waterproof. The contour of the airport is indicated at night by a hedge of boundary lights. Contact lights run the length of the 1600-yard "blind-landing" runway, and down the centre of each of the other three runways—paved tracks 1500 yards long—run "marker" lights—2½ miles of them—making a giant star for the guidance of incoming pilots. Floodlights and special flares are installed for use in emergency. No less than one thousand tons of equipment was shipped to the site from home and from Canada. Eleven miles of control cable, and 1½ mile of submarine cable were laid for the radio network, in addition to wiring for electric power. This work involved the digging of 100,000 feet of trench and the clearing of nearly 400 acres of forest to provide space for the radio stations and, in particular, for the marker beacons which form part of the "blind" landing system. Radio masts and aerial wiring were erected with the thermometer standing below zero. The cable trenches were dug as soon as the iron-hard ground had thawed. In winter, the radio buildings may be isolated for long periods from the main airport offices, and depend entirely on the telephone for communication. The main difficulties of construction have been overcome, and during the next year, those of operation will be tackled.

Life at the Base

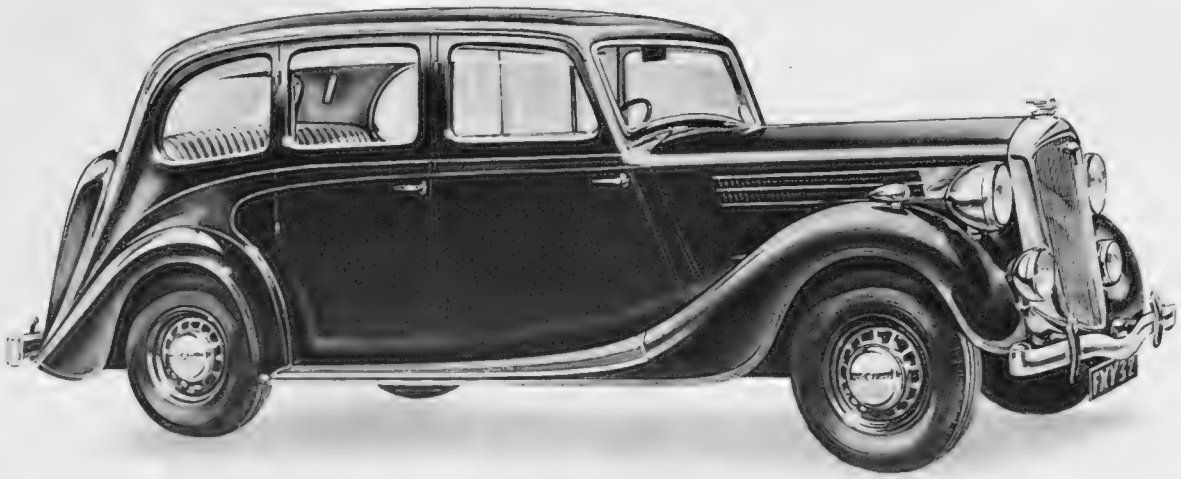
THIRTY-FIVE of the hundred-odd men who make up the staff of Newfoundland's three airports are radio specialists. Two trains a week to St. John's link the community with the rest of Newfoundland. The air-liners will keep them better informed of events in London and New York than they can be of happenings a few miles away. Already the men have got down to the job of providing their own amusements. Football and ice-hockey are popular—ski-ing and skating are practised by all. The cable-runs, especially that dropping down to Gander Lake, make excellent courses when the snow is thick. Skill gained on the sporting slopes becomes useful when the snow is deep enough to forbid any other means of transport. Early this year the staff installed modern talkie equipment, and two up-to-date film programmes are given each week.

Flying News

ANOTHER result of the curtailment of passenger accommodation on British routes to Empire destinations has been a demand for news about the Belgian route to the Congo. This proceeds across the Sahara and through Equatorial Africa. There are connections to Rhodesia, and therefore to the whole of the Imperial route both north and south of the Equator. In the past, there have been occasional bookings on a round trip, flying West Coast by Sabena, and returning northwards through Kenya, the Sudan and Egypt by Imperials. The Belgian liners are of Italian design, fast, and comfortably equipped for tropical countries.

The first British Transatlantic air-mail flight was a distinct success. My own particular correspondent in New York had posted a reply to my letter exactly two days after the latter's despatch from London. Meanwhile, Pan-American continue to carry full loads of passengers across the ocean, and with any luck, the company will be able to maintain a service by the southern route throughout the winter. Whilst some aircraft operators are thinking of ocean travel in terms of landplanes, an American group propose to link the Atlantic with the Pacific by seaplane, using the Great Lakes and the numerous waterways of Western Canada as halts. Many years must pass before finality as to type—landplane or seaplane for world travel—is reached. The trial black-out was a partial wash-out. No real attempt was made to enforce co-operation on the part of the public, and there was enough light on the ground to give the bomber crews a clue to most of the targets. Sir Kingsley Wood's tribute to the skill and courage of the R.A.F. during recent exercises under conditions of bad weather, is well timed. The majority of pilots in the Service to-day are young men who have been trained to fly in the past two years. In some respects, their task is infinitely more difficult than that of their predecessors. Aircraft are faster, heavier, and more complicated. Operations take place in worse weather.

"Douglas" bombers protecting New York. In the foreground are the ocean docks for Atlantic liners, and, behind them, the skyscrapers of Manhattan



Wolseley 25 h.p. Single Limousine. £420

PRIVATE

BETWEEN the driving seat and the deeply upholstered rear seats of this car is a sealed partition with sliding glass panels. Chauffeur-driven it becomes an extension of your private office — intimate and silent. For touring, with the glass panels aside, the car becomes the normal saloon. Normal, that is to say, in that conversation can be general. The power, speed and soft-riding comfort are distinctly abnormal. And here lies the utility and distinction of this car. From Monday to Friday it is a town carriage, at week-ends a fast tourer — two cars in one and at an extremely reasonable price.

Buy wisely – buy **WOLSELEY**
British by Birth and Breeding

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Birmingham 8: London Distributors, Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters, M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

Longleys

Mrs Can't: *'I seem to put on fat every day!'*

Mrs Can: *'That's because you put off taking* **Eno** *every day!'*

Are you afraid to weigh yourself because you know you're 'gaining'? Then do as sensible Mrs Can does — take Eno every morning. Gently, naturally, Eno, by washing away all those unhealthy poisons that encourage fat, keeps you fit and young. Beware of sensational slimming methods. They do no permanent good, and often do much permanent harm. Eno contains nothing to injure. There is no sugar in it to hamper its good work. Take Eno directly you get up each day—and become a slender, elegant Mrs Can. Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks and indicate exclusively the preparation of J. C. Eno Ltd.

Heil Hermann! *Hermann Lang received a rapturous German reception after leading Mercedes-Benz cars to victory (they came first, second and third) in the Swiss Grand Prix at Berne. His speed was 174·619 km.p.h. (about 108 m.p.h.)*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Saturday's Tourist Trophy race at Donington promises to be an exciting affair. Last year's excellent entry of three dozen cars has been equalled, and the quality of this year's entry is, if anything, even better. The race is for cars of the sports or touring type, equipped with a self-starter and electric-lighting set, including a dynamo, provision for all of which must have been made in the design of the chassis. The car need not, however, represent a type that has been catalogued and offered for sale to the public, and manufacturers have been enabled therefore to enter experimental models.

In order to prevent the entry of camouflaged racing cars, the following additional restrictions were imposed: superchargers are not permitted; pump fuel is obligatory; a minimum weight and wheelbase based on engine capacity was prescribed; not more than one carburettor per pair of cylinders is permitted; cars must be fitted with bodies complying with the A.I.A.C.R. regulations, including mudguards.

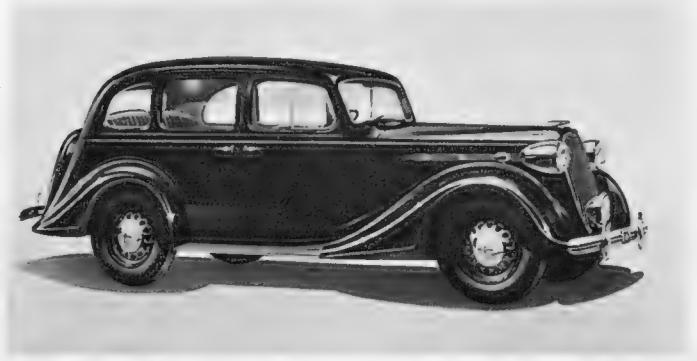
The race is a handicap, the winner being the holder of the Tourist Trophy, which was first raced for in 1906. The handicap is divided into five individual classes, and there are, in addition to the Trophy, cash prizes for the first, second and third in the principal race, and for the first and second in each of these five classes, the prize-money amounting in all to £750. The distance of the race is 100 laps of the full Donington Circuit for the scratch cars, and competing cars will be required to carry sufficient fuel to enable them to complete the number of laps laid down for each class in the handicap without replenishment.

The race starts at twelve noon, but if war has held off until the day on which you read this page, there will be a gigantic crowd, so my advice to you is: get to Donington early on Saturday.

MENTION of the T.T. naturally makes me think of the R.A.C., who organise it; and mention of the R.A.C. reminds me of an intriguing story which has just come my way.

It appears that there are approximately 50,000 permanent R.A.C. road signs in various parts of the country, guiding and directing traffic. One of the Club's major problems is to keep all these signs clean, and it is amazing how dirty even a glazed-face sign can become when neglected. An official of the Club, who is concerned with this task, was struck by the fact that one particular "village" sign in Hampshire never seemed to need attention—it was always as clean as a new pin. By a lucky coincidence, the reason was discovered. The sign has been erected on the grass verge adjoining a gate into a farm. Each time that the cows are driven in and out of the farmyard, one of them bestows three

(Concluded on page ii)



The Vauxhall "Twenty-five": *Mr. Hess deals with this marque's 1940 programme*

Don't be vague

ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Obtainable also in Small Sizes

HAIG

in every HOME

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page 346)

or four hearty licks on the sign, thus keeping it in an almost perfectly clean condition!

MANUFACTURERS' plans for 1940 are pouring in thick and fast. In addition to those dealt with last week, I have now received details from the Rover and Vauxhall concerns.

The Rover range has been so eminently popular during the past season—sales have beaten all previous records, the reward of sheer merit—that it has been decided to continue the range in its entirety at present prices, but incorporating certain detail improvements. Thus, the inlet manifolding on the six-cylinder engines has been modified to yield a greater power-output, and it is now claimed that the 1940 14-h.p. engine has a performance equal to that of the 1939 16-h.p. unit, while the output of the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. engines has been stepped-up equivalently. Suspension, excellent as it was before, has been rendered even more efficient by modification on the new six-cylinder models and the 12-h.p. cars.

Steps have been taken to insulate the driver from all road-shocks by way of the steering-wheel, while the instrument dials have been altered to facilitate rapid reading whilst travelling. On the 12-h.p., 14-h.p., 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models the rear track has been increased by two inches, enabling more room in the rear seats.

The complete Rover range for 1940 is as follows: 10-h.p. four-cylinders—saloon, £275; coupé, £285. 12-h.p. four-cylinders—saloon, £300; sports saloon, £310. 14-h.p. six-cylinders—saloon, £330; sports saloon, £340; drophead coupé, £398. 16-h.p. six-cylinders—saloon, £360; sports saloon, £370; drophead coupé, £428. 20-h.p. six-cylinders—sports saloon, £425; drophead coupé, £478.

***The Wolseley "Ten":** this is the new drophead coupé announced by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., and one of whose first actions was to win its class in coachwork in the Scottish Rally*

THE Vauxhall Company is another whose 1939 range has enjoyed such popularity that it is to be continued for another year. In this instance, too, detail refinements are incorporated, while in an effort to offset the new increase in horse-power tax, reductions in the prices of all models are announced.

As regards modifications, the greatest changes have taken place on the Vauxhall "Ten." This has been made longer and wider to such good tune that it is now claimed to be "the roomiest 'Ten' you can buy." It has a bigger bonnet, bigger front wings, and many other "outward" improvements which add to its appearance. There is more luggage space. Performance remains the same, and so does the petrol consumption—that famous "40 m.p.g." which once seemed so incredible, but is now taken for granted.

An entirely new radiator grille is a feature—and a very impressive-looking one at that—of the 1940 Vauxhall "Twelve," while on this model, too, the arm-rests in the rear have been redesigned so that they are more comfortable and yet give increased seating space, and there is more room for luggage. Double-acting shock absorbers at the rear, a most attractive new instrument panel, and twin wind-tone horns are characteristics of the 1940 "Fourteen." It must not be forgotten that these briefly mentioned details are all improvements, and that the fundamental *characteristics* of Vauxhall cars still remain—independent springing, controlled synchro-mesh, hydraulic brakes, no-draught ventilation, six-phase carburation—and all the rest.

The Vauxhall range, with the new prices, is as follows: 10-h.p. four-cylinders—saloon, £159; saloon de luxe, £169. 12-h.p. four-cylinders—saloon de luxe, £185. 14-h.p. six-cylinders—saloon de luxe, £220. 25-h.p. six-cylinders (9 ft. 3 in. wheelbase)—saloon, £330; limousine (10 ft. 10 in. wheelbase), £615; business limousine (10 ft. 10 in. wheelbase), £540.

TO AVOID

Pain and Discomfort AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread meal-times, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?

If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. *and* 1/-. *Also family sizes,* 2/- *and* 3/6. *Obtainable everywhere.*

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

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Here indeed is the whisky par excellence—pure old Irish, uniform in quality at home and abroad and bottled only by the distillers.
You can ask for "Paddy" with confidence.

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32/34 ST. BRIDE STREET
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Please enter a subscription for The BYSTANDER *for* ☐ *Twelve months* ☐ *Six months* ☐ *Three months for which I enclose cheque/postal order*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Better Motoring for 1940

yet PRICES DOWN

10 h.p. The Roomiest "Ten" you can buy. Wider; longer; more room for passengers and luggage; smarter; 60 m.p.h., 40 m.p.g. with normal driving. From **£159** (Down £4)

12 h.p. Best "Twelve"—Lowest Price. Incomparable value; smarter frontal appearance; more room for passengers and luggage; 65 m.p.h., 35 m.p.g. with normal driving. De Luxe Saloon. **£185** (Down £13)

14 h.p. Most Famous "Fourteen" in the World. Double acting shock absorbers make it more comfortable still. Much more luxurious interior. 70 m.p.h. 30 m.p.g. with normal driving. **£220** (Down £10)

25 h.p. Built to Meet World Competition. An exceptionally roomy and impressive family car. Extremely luxurious finish and appointments. 80 m.p.h., 20 m.p.g. with normal driving. **£330** (Down £15)

Despite big price reductions, Vauxhall cars have been still further improved for 1940.

Always, motorists have approved the Vauxhall policy of providing better motoring for less money. Now, with lower prices and *low running costs*, you can save *more* than the new extra tax, whatever Vauxhall model you choose. Your motoring will be more enjoyable, more economical than ever.

Every Vauxhall is distinctively modern in appearance, outstanding in performance, safe, roomy and delightful to drive. Reliability is assured and maintenance costs are really low. *Only* Vauxhall can give you such value. *Your nearest Vauxhall dealer can give immediate delivery.* Ask him for catalogues and a trial run. Let a ride decide. Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds.

Every VAUXHALL combines all these seven practical features

1. ***ECONOMY.*** Low purchase price, low running costs, 20% more m.p.g. Low maintenance costs. **2.** ***OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.*** High average speed, exceptional acceleration, smooth O.H.V. power output. **3.** ***THE SMOOTHEST RIDE ON WHEELS.*** Vauxhall Independent Suspension smooths all roads, improves stability and road-holding. **4.** ***REAL DRIVING EASE.*** Light positive steering, good vision, handy effortless controls. Vauxhall Controlled Synchro-mesh gear change. **5.** ***CONSTANT SAFETY.*** Powerful Hydraulic Brakes that act at slight pressure. Great strength and rigidity with integral body construction on latest models. **6.** ***ROOMY COMFORT.*** Generous seating room and luggage space. Complete provision for motoring convenience and relaxation. **7.** ***QUIETNESS.*** Engine, gears and all moving parts are really silent; sound further dampened by body insulation at all points where noises *might* intrude.

Here is the 1940 Vauxhall '12' De Luxe Saloon £185.

Only VAUXHALL can give such VALUE

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(18th Year)

at Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th, 1939

(By kind invitation of the Club)

HOLDERS OF CHALLENGE CUPS: MISS JOY WINN AND MRS. ARMSTRONG

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 22nd, without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.

On September 22nd, the 190 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match-play knock-out tournament, the eight couples with the lowest joint handicaps being seeded. The remaining couples will be placed in order of handicap on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled. All entrants will be notified of their position during the first week of October. Playing limit for any couple, 30 L.G.U., but couples over that may play on 30. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. Play under 3/8ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match-play tournament. Halved matches to be played to a finish, the strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time she starts play, if she notifies the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available. Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

As this office closes at noon on Saturday, October 7th, alterations which cannot reach Miss Helme by then should be addressed to her at 417, Upper Richmond Road, London, S.W.15, or telephoned to her there AFTER NOON *on Sunday, October 8th (Prospect 2856), so that she may deal with them before play starts on Monday morning.*

Challenge Cups to be held for one year (holders: Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Armstrong), and replicas will be given to the winners, prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON

WHERE TO STAY

THE FORUM CLUB, 6, GROSVENOR PLACE, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.1, Telephone: Sloane 6191, offers Visiting Membership, which includes the privilege of staying at the Club, to competitors. Single bedroom from 7/6 a night, meals extra as ordered. Apply to the Secretary, the Forum Club. (Roehampton Club is 20 minutes by car from the Forum; or 40 by bus and tube.)

The following hotels, recommended to competitors not wishing to stay in London, offer special terms as under:

IVY HALL HOTEL, PETERSHAM ROAD, RICHMOND. Telephone: 0435 Richmond. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 12/6 a day, including all meals; dinner, bed and breakfast, 10/6; bed and breakfast only, 8/6. Apply Manageress.

LAWRENCE HALL HOTEL, HAM COMMON, SURREY. Telephone: 3465 Kingston. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 10/6 a day, dinner, bed and breakfast. Lunch, 2/6 extra. Apply Manageress.

THE MANOR HOUSE PRIVATE HOTEL, 460, UPPER RICHMOND ROAD, PUTNEY, S.W.15. Telephone: Prospect 2484. *Two minutes from Roehampton Club.* 12/6 a day, including all meals. Apply Manageress.

ROEHAMPTON — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES (Eighteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 22nd

The "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, up to noon on Saturday, October 7th; or by telephone (Prospect 2856) after 12 noon on Sunday, October 8th

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-24, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

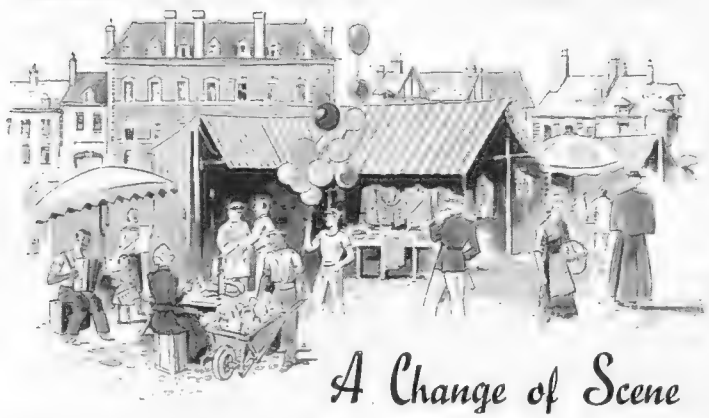
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....



A Change of Scene

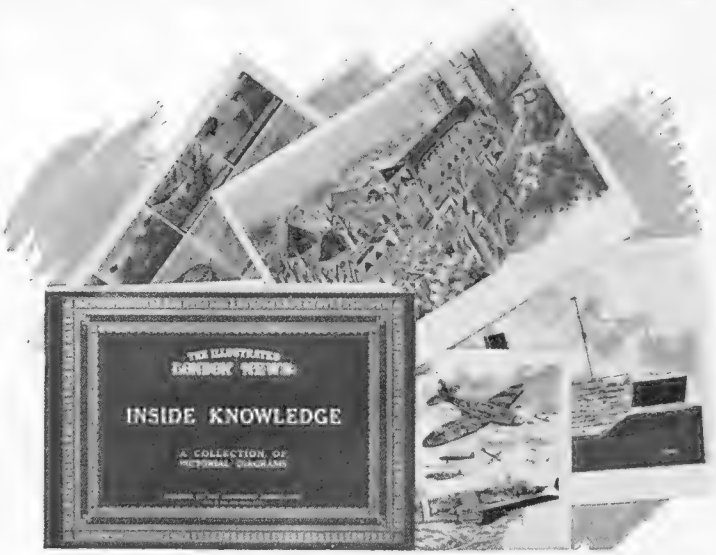
Why not try France this Autumn? Something off the beaten track, for preference. Brittany, Normandy, Picardy, with their quiet towns and villages and their quaint customs.

Or, maybe, the Western Seaboard, the "Wine Country," or the Sunny Riviera — those smaller places, which are just as picturesque as the more fashionable centres, and near enough to them for an occasional visit.

France is so near, by the ceaseless day and night services of the S.R. Short Sea Routes.

Write or call at the CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, S.W.1., or any Travel Agent, for free copies of the S.R. "Off the Beaten Track" booklets, also full details of services, Cheap Fares, special rail concessions in France, etc.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY



THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

"Inside Knowledge" contains 32 pages (size 20½" × 14½") of special drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, taken from "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." These drawings show clearly the interior features and complete working details of famous ships, the Aeroplanes of the Great Powers, Television, how Wireless Beacons Guide Ships, how Wireless Waves Guide Aeroplanes . . . and many more. It is beautifully bound in a cover of blue "leather finish"—you will find every drawing of absorbing interest . . . it would make an ideal present for a boy or girl.

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NCC 504A

Pearl Freeman

Anthony Hulton and Sybil Corbett-Winder

In July the engagement was announced of Anthony Y. Hulton, Royal Artillery, younger son of Col. and Mrs. F. C. L. Hulton, of Ker Daniel, Perros Guirec, France, and Sybil Corbett-Winder, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Corbett-Winder, of Vaynor Park, Berriew, Montgomeryshire

Pearl Freeman

James Mellor and Lois Chapman

James F. C. Mellor, 60th Rifles, is the elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Seymour Mellor, of 70, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7. Lois Chapman, to whom his engagement was announced in July, is the second daughter of Gordon Chapman, of Woodpeckers, Delamere, Cheshire, and the late Mrs. Chapman

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Chrystal Tresyllian Williams

Chrystal Tresyllian Williams is engaged to Robin Henry Buckston, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Buckston, of Bradbourne Hall, and Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derbyshire. She is the daughter of the late Hakewell Tresyllian Williams, and Mrs. Tresyllian Williams, of Churchill Court, near Kidderminster

Josephine Lovatt is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lovatt, of Meeson Hall, Shropshire. Her engagement is announced to Capt. Christopher Francis Hutt, Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late Capt. F. R. Hutt, and Mrs. Hutt, of Manor House, Harting, Sussex

Hay Wrightson

Josephine Lovatt

Lenare

Jane Radford-Norcop

Jane Radford-Norcop is engaged to Sq.-Leader Robert Sorel Cameron, R.A.F., younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. C. M. Sorel Cameron, of Gorthleck House, Inverness. She is the elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Radford-Norcop, of Brand Hall, Market Drayton, Shropshire

Barbara Dugdale is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. W. M. Dugdale, of Llwyn, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire. She is engaged to Peter Meredith Lewis, of Milford Hall, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, son of the late Hugh Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis

Lenare

Barbara Margaret Dugdale

Fayer

Judy Francis

Elma (Judy) Francis, the younger daughter of Mrs. A. J. H. Francis, of Merton House, Sunninghill, Ascot, is engaged to Peter West, younger son of Major and Mrs. A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, Berks.

Bassano

Anne Josephine Cooper

Is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. P. F. Cooper, of Royston, Havant, Hants; she is engaged to Acting Sub-Lieut. Denis Anthony G. Preston, of Slaugham Park, Sussex, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Preston, of West Wickham, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Bethia Keith-Murray

Is the daughter of the late P. Keith-Murray and Mrs. Keith-Murray, of 32, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh; she is engaged to Paul Harding-Edgar, of 84, Great Kings Street, Edinburgh, son of the late Mr. Harding-Edgar and Mrs. Harding-Edgar, of Edinburgh

Lenare

Elizabeth Yorke

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Yorke, of Green Craig, Longniddry, East Lothian; she is engaged to Ronald Henry Davidson Orr, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Orr, of 3, Belgrave Place, Edinburgh

Bassano

Elisabeth Nisbet

[illegible] the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]rman Nisbet, of Harperley [illegible]ll, Tantobie, County Durham; [illegible] engagement is announced [illegible] William Henry Gravely, [illegible] of the late W. H. Gravely [illegible] Mrs. Gravely, of Virginia

Burrell & Hardman

Moira Heaney

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Strong Heaney, of Rodney Street, Liverpool; she is to marry John Anderson Strong, M.B., B.Ch., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Strong, of Moate House, Kells, Co. Meath, Eire

Lenare

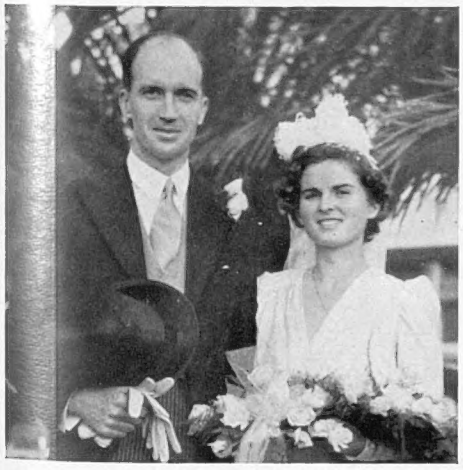
Joan Needham

Is the daughter of the late J. E. Needham, of Totland Bay, I.O.W., and Mrs. Needham, of 52, Rivermead Court, S.W.6; she is engaged to J. F. H. Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Andrews, of Picket Post, Hants.

Catherine Bell

Cecily Patricia Nuttall

Is the daughter of the late Capt. W. E. Nuttall, and Mrs. Nuttall, of Thurland Castle, Tunstall, Lancs., and was presented at Court last year; her fiancé is John Lawrence Gillibrand, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gillibrand, of Gressingham, Hornby, near Lancaster



Welsh — Macfarlane

A Cape Town-Scottish wedding took place recently between R. G. Welsh and Isobel Lang Macfarlane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Macfarlane, of Dunsloy, Rondebosch, South Africa. They were married at Wynberg, C.P. Both were educated in Scotland

Michell — Martin

Sq.-Leader Douglas Michell, R.A.F., and Sylvia Joan Martin were married at the Royal Garrison Church, Southsea. He is the son of Eng.-Capt. and Mrs. W. J. Michell, of Outram House, Southsea, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Martin, of 18, Outram Road, Southsea

Kinnersley — Moore

Richard A. Kinnersley, of Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1, son of the late Dr. G. E. Kinnersley and Mrs. Kinnersley, of St. Martin's, Guernsey, married Eveline Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth A. E. Moore, of Buckler's Hard, Hants.

Model 1516.
Finest fur felt with punched crown and petersham ends. In all fashionable colours, **21/9.**

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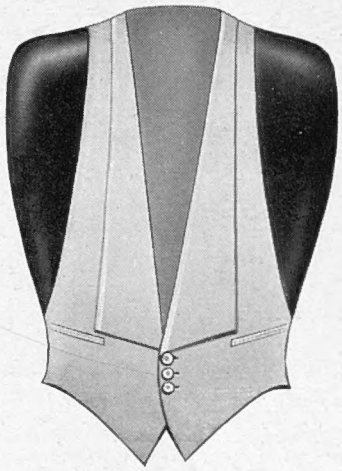

GIEVES MARCELLA DRESS WAISTCOAT
Prices 14/6, 21/-, 33/6

From the hands of master tailors comes this elegant Marcella waistcoat, with its cachet of correctness, to set the seal of distinction on formal evening wear.

Gieves LIMITED

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EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, MALTA, LIVERPOOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR.

ACHTUNG, HAWKINS! ACHTUNG!

"I say, Hawkins, you might be more careful. You nearly had me over the banisters."

"I'm very sorry, Sir. I had not anticipated your arrival in — er — one fell swoop, if I may coin a phrase. In fact, Sir, I didn't know you were up."

"My good man, I've been up since cockcrow. The clocks were striking eight as I sprang from my Spartan box spring mattress."

"Indeed, Sir."

"Yes, Hawkins. Indeed! Indeed! Indeed! I suppose you think I ought to have a roaring headache?"

"Well, Sir, now that you press me, you were out rather late last night."

"Of course I was. Didn't get back till three. But I drank nothing but gin and Rose's. And now I'm feeling as fit as one of those culinary what's-its-names."

"Trivets, Sir. I'm not surprised, Sir. Rose's Lime Juice possesses therapeutic properties which..."

"Confound you, Hawkins. You know all the answers!"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

Its pine forest by the sea makes

LE TOUQUET

ideal for week-ends and holidays in early autumn

THE MOST FASHIONABLE CASINO IN FRANCE

During September
INTERNATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

Hotels
HERMITAGE · WESTMINSTER
both in pine forest close to Casino

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. (Tem. 3161.) Monday, August 28th, Nightly 6.30 and 9.
One Week Only. The Sparkling Comedy Success
"QUIET WEDDING"
Prices: 1/, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-.

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FRANCE

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 120, with bth. fr. Frs. 140.

Le Touquet.—Hotel de Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel. — Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.–Navirotel.– Near Cannes golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with trms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms inc. tips and tax fr. £3. 10. With priv. bath £5

Villefranche-sur-Mer.—Welcome Hotel.—Facing sea, near beach, Yachting, Fishing. Every comfort. Pension from 50 frs.

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Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—
Brenner's Parkhotel.—
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—
Hotel des Kaiserhof.—
First-class hotel, situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel. garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading Hotel. Near bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Hotel Imperial.– World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Bavarian Alps).— **Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.–Grand Hotel Continental.–Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

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GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

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POLAND

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Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food & comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch. Danc. Pens. fr. 15.— Electrically-htd. swim.-pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountaineering

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

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THE MAN IS IN DISGUISE. As I conjectured, this photograph shows clearly that this is not the true Colonel Murgatroyd but a dastardly impostor. No, *no* Watson—do not waste time questioning the authenticity of his moustachio. The shirt, ha, look at the shirt! Plainly one of the admirable creations of Vantella, yet it is loose at the neck, long in the sleeves, wrinkled on the bosom. Clearly then, as the shirt belongs to Colonel Murgatroyd, this man is an impostor . . . And how right is Sherlock Holmes! For a Vantella shirt with its unshrinkable neckband, three-sleeve lengths to every size and semi-stiff curve-woven Van Heusen collars and cuffs, fits its true owner as felicitously as the proverbial paper fits the wall.

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SWITZERLAND—*continued*

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